# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE! TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long continued neglect of many of my customers to pay up their indebtedness for the past year or more, I am compelled to adopt

ANOTHER SYSTEM

of doing business. Very many of my customers have allowed their accounts to run for such an unreasonable length of time that is great loss to me, without any benefit to themselves, has been the result. Hence it is that I find it

Impossible to Continue the Credit System

and, at the same time keep up my stock and meet my obligations promptly.

I am sincerely thankful for the liberal patronage that has been extended to me, and now earnestly ask one and all who are indebted to me, no matter how large or how small the amount, to call and settle, either by cash or note,

BEFORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875,

as I need and must have money. Believing as I do from past experience (which I have paid well for) that it will be better for me as well as for my customers to adopt the ready-pay system,

I WILL NOT,

After the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875,

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

I am fully convinced that in three cases out of four persons buying goods never find a more convenient time to pay than when they make their purchases, and as an inducement to my customers to buy for cash or in exchange for country produce, I will, after the above date,

KNOCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT

Heretofore realized in this place on goods of the same class.

Hoping that my old customers will take no offence at the new mode of doing business I am about to adopt, but will continue to favor me with their patronage on a strict cash basis, which they will be sure to find the very best for all concerned, I pledge myself to mark my goods down to the lowest cash rates.

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[Dec. 11, 1874.]

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MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

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HATS AND CAPS,

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CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as

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Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

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Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

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### Longing.

I would I were an unblown rose,
Close shut in leaves of green—
So shut that none had ever guessed
The color hidden in its breast
By blush of pink between.

Then when your face but turned my way,
As now, the crumpled sheen
Of crimson hid so safe away
Would stir the livelong summer day
Within unheard, unseen;

But, when your footsteps nearer drew,
Would burst the green apart,
And petals glowing in the sun
Would chronicle to every one
The new life at my heart.

And tally sweet of all the leagues
You passed of sea or shore
The clasping calyx still should hold;
For every one, there would unfold
One velvet petal more.

So, when at last, no space between,
Your own from stem you broke,
And in your hand my perfect grace
Perchance you lifted to your face,
Although no word you spoke—

And, then, indeed, the petals all
Down on the dewy sward might fall
Before you as you went;
And if perchance your eager feet
Might find for them the way more sweet,
Then I were all content.

For so methinks the one lost word
That mocks my various quest
Might uttered be, though never heard,
And that were Rest!

*Harper's Magazine.*

## CHARLES TURNER'S SECRET.

Great was the bustle of preparation in Farmer Osborne's household one evening last September. It was in honor of the marriage of his daughter Caroline—the merriest and sweetest-tempered of young girls—with Charles Turner, a banker's clerk, and a high-principled, intelligent man, likely to render the home of a sensible and virtuous woman truly happy. The evening passed over without the occurrence of anything to diminish the light-heartedness of the young people; the older ones, however, looked grave, and sighed occasionally, when they thought how changed Dingly Farm would seem when Caroline no longer dwelt under its roof.

The marriage ceremony was performed the following morning, and Charles and his bride drove to their new home—a moderate sized house, with a pleasant garden attached, in the suburbs of Bristol. Gaily, yet tenderly, did Caroline smile, and think her husband for the affectionate care for her comfort, and remembrance of her little tastes, which the light, prettily furnished apartments displayed. Happily, indeed, did that first evening in their new home pass away, and so did many successive days, in the enjoyment of mutual affection and the many conveniences and little luxuries which Charles' salary enabled him to afford.

For a few weeks no speck appeared above the horizon, and Caroline thought at times that her maidenly dreams of the perfect happiness of married life were destined to be realized. But it was not long before she began to perceive a change gradually creeping over her husband. He seemed out of spirits, and when she pressed him to tell her what it was disturbed him, his evasive answers were succeeded by such forced attempts at gaiety, as convinced her something must be wrong, and a heavy weight fell on her own heart, in the feeling that he no longer confided in her. This sorrow was the harder to bear that she dared not acquaint her mother with her distress, for a wife's duty in these respects is at once sacred and peculiar. Mrs. Osborn soon became aware that a shadow had fallen over her daughter's happiness, but she did not venture to ask any questions.

The young bride would gladly have forfeited all the luxuries of her new home, could she have afforded either herself or her mother any explanation of her husband's conduct. She only became daily more perplexed, as he grew sterner and more reserved, becoming increasingly occupied with his business, and capricious in his proceedings.

The Winter appeared to pass slowly, and drearily; and though the claims of approaching maternity gave her occupation and pleasure, even this sweet anticipation was alloyed by her husband's unchanged demeanor. But through all Caroline struggled to maintain her cheerfulness, and to render their fireside comfortable by the nicety of her arrangements, and the exercise of her own accomplishments. Yet her former liveliness insensibly disappeared; her cheeks grew pale, her step slow, and sometimes she speculated on how it would all end, and whether she could live all her life in constant endurance of such a trial.

The month of March had arrived, when, one day, her husband asked her to go with him to a cabinet maker's to look at an easy chair, which he had ordered for her use. Pleased with this, now unusual attention, she was quickly equipped. She expressed in warm terms her admiration of the nice chair that had been selected for her. The master of the establishment said it was chiefly the workmanship of a skilful young man of the name of Ellice, whom he wished he could make his junior partner.

"And why cannot you do so?" Caroline inquired.

The cabinet-maker told her the young man could not procure the necessary capital—although he had offered to take him with fifty instead of a hundred pounds.

"Poor Ellice, the father," he continued, "was once well to do in the world; now he has hardly bread to eat, let alone anything better.

A suppressed groan from Charles startled his wife, and he staggered, rather than walked out of the shop, Caroline clinging to him. Her alarm was not lessened, when on reaching the house, he flung himself on a chair, and resting his hand on a table, wept as men seldom do.

"Charles," she exclaimed, "dear, dear, Charles, by the love you once bore me, I entreat you to tell me what is the matter. Have I not promised to be yours in weal or woe? And even—even, Charles, should you have been tempted in doing wrong, even then your wife will never desert you, never cease to love you. Only tell me all; I am sure I could help you. Do not, my husband, let us go on any longer as we have been doing this last Winter. Speak to me, dear, speak to your Caroline, and do not fear her weakness, for your love would give her strength to do whatever is right."

So pleaded Caroline, as she knelt by her husband and threw her arms around him, and at last he raised his head, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Are you indeed so strong as you fancy? Tell me, could you really bear poverty and privation?"

"Yes, Charles; so that I possessed your love and confidence, I could work gladly for my daily bread."

"I have never ceased to love you, my Caroline; but I have feared to confide my unworthy secret to you, lest your affection might be lessened; neither could I bear to deprive you of what you had every reason to expect to enjoy as my wife, and what I thought your tastes required to make you happy."

"Oh, Charles! this last doubt is most unjust; but do not let me interrupt you—let me know everything."

"Yes, I will tell you all, even should you despise me hereafter; and I will also tell you what I have even now resolved to do to redeem the sin which I have committed. You are aware, I believe, that shortly before my poor father died, he had become a bankrupt, but not through any fault of his, and that his creditors were paid, as far as possible, by the proceeds of the sale of all his personal property, which settled about half of their claims. Stephen Ellice was his working partner, with an income of three hundred a year, and he is one of the the creditors to whom a hundred pounds is still owing, though he has no legal claim for the amount since he signed my father's certificate of bankruptcy. He has now a poor salary of sixty pounds per annum, upon which he is expected to dress and appear like a gentleman; and I, Caroline, have a salary of five hundred, and can live in the greatest comfort."

"I see it all; I understand what you are thinking of!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck.

"On his death-bed," continued Charles, "my father besought me to rescue his memory from degradation, but I have not done it! And now what do you think of your honorable, respectable, gentlemanly husband, who wooed you from Dingley Farm, as one who had a right to the goodly income of five hundred pounds?"

"I think," said Caroline, whose tears were falling fast, "I think he made a mistake in entering upon life as he did, but that he has entirely repented his error, and will go hand in hand with his young wife in redeeming the past, and paying all the creditors in full."

A silent embrace spoke all that Charles would have said in reply, while he felt strangly relieved, and ashamed of having doubted his wife's good sense of firmness. He could not exactly emulate her restored gaiety, for he had sinned too deeply against his conscience! but he felt in all its purity and strength the redeeming might of renewed rectitude of purpose, and that sweet peace which follows hearty repentence was already his. He was astonished the next day, when Caroline proposed the plans which she thought should be immediately executed, and did not know whether to admire most the energy of her resolution or the ability and good-humor which she afterwards displayed in carrying out the arrangements which they then naturally agreed upon.

Moving was so expensive, she advised their remaining in their present quarters, and said that they would live in two rooms themselves and let the rest, which would pay the rent. Their two servants were at once dismissed: all useless furniture was sold; their friends were frankly told that their circumstances now admitted of no visiting; and with her own hands Caroline prepared her husband's meals, and gaily performed the most arduous household services.

A fortnight after the disclosure, Charles received his salary for the half year; and after setting aside a portion equal to a laborer's wages for six months for the support of himself and Caroline, he divided the rest between the different creditors. Only, by his wife's suggestion, when she found that three out of the four were comparatively well off, he resolved to pay the whole of Stephen Ellice's debt, as he stood in such sore need of money. Nothing could exceed the delight and astonishment of this poor family on receipt of this debt so long due, and the recovery of which had been so hopeless. Some time afterwards, when passing the cabinet-maker's, Charles thankfully perceived young Ellice hard at work within, while the gilt letters above the entrance told that the partnership had at last been effected.

Fearing the offer of pecuniary aid, which they were determined not to accept, Charles and Caroline had never told their parents of their altered circumstances, though the latter had taken care to satisfy her mother's anxious heart, by assurances of her present happiness. The silence, combined with other accidental circumstances, prevented any meeting between the two families until the birth of Caroline's baby, when, at her particular request, the party from Dingley Farm were invited to the christening.

Accordingly, the Osbornes and Turners met at the church, and after the boy had received its name, Charles and Caroline conducted their guests to their own house, and introduced them to their clean, bright kitchen, where plain refreshments and gooseberry wine from the farm were neatly laid out. The alteration was everywhere visible; the change of the daughter's dress, the absence of any servant, and the dinner prepared in the kitchen, surprised the Osbornes extremely; though the beaming looks of Caroline, and the quiet happiness of Charles, partly satisfied them that nothing could be seriously wrong.

After the meal was concluded, Charles, in a faltering voice, which, however, grew steadier as he proceeded—related the history of the last twelve months; of the error he had committed, and the reparation which he had afterwards resolved upon. It was hard thus to speak, when he saw the expression of gathering surprise and displeasure which darkened the brow of Farmer Osborne, when he heard Charles relate his marriage under such circumstances; but this look cleared away as he listened to the son-in-law's many assurances of heartfelt sorrow for the past, and his honorable determination to act justly by all the remaining creditors.

Delighted with her daughter's restoration to happiness, Mrs. Osborne gladly congratulated her and Charles; while neither she nor her husband ventured to diminish their virtuous satisfaction by any ill-aimed offers of assistance. Charles fully appreciated this forbearance, but he prized still more highly the brief comment upon the whole transaction, made after every one else had concluded the expression of their various sentiments, by his father-in-law.

"I may regret the past, Charles," said the venerable farmer; "I cannot do otherwise; but I am quite satisfied that you have since endeavored to redeem your fault by strict justice towards those whom you have injured, at whatever cost to yourself. Nor do I fear that you will ever again be tempted into committing a similar act of injustice. Integrity of thought, word and deed is what we should all strive to attain, and whenever good principle guides the head of a house, home is sure to be happy. May God's blessing henceforth rest on you and my beloved daughter, and enable you to bring up your children in the path of honor and duty."

Time passed on, and in a couple more years there was another little stranger in the shape of a girl, on whom the name of Caroline was bestowed. There was another christening party in a humble way; but all were happy on the occasion.

A few more years and all the debts are paid off. The name of Charles's father is rescued from degradation, and the noble conduct of the son is universally known.

Once more is the house at the disposal of our hero and heroine; once more are servants engaged, and a life of ease and comfort is entered upon.

What children in all the neighborhood are more nicely dressed than Charley and Carrie? Who is more happy than Grandmamma Osborne, when they go to pass a day with her at Dingley Farm?

### CHINAMEN'S BONES.

The unloading of an oblong pine box, curiously adorned with Chinese hieroglyphics, from the Western bound train at the depot, on Saturday, excited no little curiosity, the gratification of which brought out the fact that the contents were nothing more nor less than the remains of deceased Chinamen, promiscuously thrown together and boxed up for reshipment to the Flowery Kingdom. This lot was from Corinne, Utah, and consigned to Ah Ching, Sacramento. When a sufficient number of these boxes, well filled, are gathered here to make a respectable invoice, they are forwarded to the proper agent in San Francisco, and thence to their destination.

It is said to be the most sacred obligations of companies who import coolies to return them, dead or alive, to their native land; and it is curious to note with what zeal the remains are brought out, even in the most remote localities where they are known to have died.

THE supply of black walnut lumber is reported to be greatly diminished. A Cleveland, Ohio, paper says: "Kentucky has quite a stock of good walnut, and much that is very inferior on account of its gray color and tough, hard texture. Missouri also has some of rather an inferior quality. Western Ohio claims good walnut, but that of Eastern Ohio and West Virginia is poor in quality. The whole stock of the States is not equal to a full demand for ten years to come. Furniture manufacturers do not use it so lavishly as they did five years ago. Other woods are substituted when possible, and one thousand feet of walnut is made to go as far again as it did a few years ago."

### *LOST FOR A LIFETIME.*

THE STORY OF A SEARCH FOR A STOLEN CHILD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Some thirty years ago John Quincy Adams attracted considerable attention in Congress by a strong speech in favor of a bill introduced by B. A. Bidlack, of Pennsylvania, which provided that one mile square of the land then occupied by the Miami Indians, embracing the house and improvements of Frances Slocum, should be granted in fee to her and her heirs forever. The bill became a law, and she occupied this special reserve until her death in the spring of 1847.

The history of this woman was remarkable. She was the daughter of a Quaker who lived in the Wyoming Valley during the Revolution. Several months after the massacre of 1778 she was caught up by a party of marauding Delaware Indians, who got off before any attempt could be made to rescue her. She was five years old at this time. About a month later her father was shot dead by the Indians while at work in a field near his house. Knowing that he was gone to his eternal rest the widow in time became reconciled to her loss, but she could never forget her child, the last sight of which was when she was in the arms of a brawny Indian, struggling and calling piteously upon her parent to come to her help.

The sons of Mrs. Slocum became prosperous business men, and after the close of the Revolution they used every effort to recover their lost sister. In 1784 two of them visited Niagara, where a large number of Indians were gathered, made diligent inquiries and offered liberal rewards for any information of her. They prosecuted the search for several weeks and returned home with the impression that she was dead.

The mother, however, could not be persuaded that such was the case, and four years later the Slocums spent several months in the West among the Indian agents and traders, publicly offering $300 to any one who would give any authentic information of the fate of their sister, but their success was no better than before. A similar expedition was undertaken in 1797 by four of the brothers, with the same result. As in the Ross case, the search brought numbers of stolen children to light, but none was the one particularly wanted.

Mrs. Slocum never lost faith in her daughter's existence. She believed she was somewhere waiting to be clasped in her arms, and she continued the search with scarcely any intermission until 1807, when she died, her children promising her to use every effort to learn what had become of the little one abducted nearly thirty years before. They faithfully carried out this pledge, and in 1826 made a long and expensive journey to Upper Sandusky to see a woman who, there was no reason to hope, was the one for whom they were searching. Disappointed again, they finally came to the conclusion that Frances was dead, and the search ended.

In the month of January, 1835, Colonel George W. Ewing, a gentleman connected with the public service among the Indians, and able to speak several of their languages, was benighted near an Indian town known as The Deaf Man's Village, on a branch of the Wabash. He applied for lodging, and was hospitably received at a respectable dwelling. He was fatigued and unwell, and after eating lay down upon some skins in the corner. The household consisted of a venerable woman and a number of children, all of whom treated her with the greatest deference, and who departed to their own rooms.

As Colonel Ewing lay upon his pallet he watched the old lady moving about, and noticed particularly the color of her skin and hair. The result of the scrutiny convinced him that she was a white woman, and he opened a conversation with her. She admitted that his suspicions were correct. She said that she was stolen by the Indians when a very small child, and she had carefully concealed that fact from those of her own race whom she met for fear that her relatives would come and take her away. She was now so old that she felt she could not live much longer, and if any of her friends were living she would be glad to see them. In short, she was Frances Slocum, and she remembered distinctly the name of her father, though her own given name was forgotten.

Colonel Ewing was so impressed with her narrative that he addressed a long letter, giving the full particulars, to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pa. He had never heard of the Slocums, but he judged from certain answers made by the old lady that her home was somewhere in that State.

The letter reached its destination, but when the postmaster came to read it he concluded it a hoax and flung it aside, among some waste papers, where it lay for two years. At the end of that time the postmaster died, and his widow in overhauling his effects came upon Colonel Ewing's letter. She had never heard the name of Slocum, but thinking there was something in it, she sent the missive to the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, a copy of which, containing the letter, fell into the hands of Rev. Samuel Bowan, who was intimately acquainted with the Slocum family, and he mailed a paper to her brother, who lived in Wilkesbarre.

The reception of the letter threw the whole community into excitement, there being not a particle of doubt as to the identity of Frances. As two years had passed since the letter was written, and as it stated that the old lady at that time was under a premonition of death, an inquiry was addressed to Col. Ewing by John J. Slocum, the nephew of Frances. A prompt reply, dated at Logansport, came to hand saying that the old lady was still alive, and would be glad to see them. The letter contained minute directions as to the course they were to take to reach her. Arrangements were at once made to do so. Mr. Isaac Slocum and Mrs. Mary Town, brother and sister of Frances, resided in Ohio, but not in the same neighborhood. Joseph Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, another brother, started in his carriage, taking his sister, while Isaac went in advance, it being agreed that they should meet at Deat Man's Village. Isaac reached the place ahead of the others, and, accompanied by an interpreter, made a call upon the lady, who received them pleasantly, but evidently with suspicion. The brother found her to all appearances a perfect Indian, but he had fixed in his mind an unerring test of her identity. Previous to being carried away, fifty-nine years before, her brother Ebenezer had crushed the fore-finger of her left hand with a hammer. Taking hold of her hand and raising it, Isaac saw the disfigurement. "What caused that?" he asked. "My brother struck it with a hammer a long time ago," was the answer.

He remained some time in conversation, but the woman did not seem at ease, and he returned to the village of Peru to await the arrival of his brother and sister. When they came the three made them another visit. She treated them with the same kindness as before, but was special and unmoved, and when she saw tears in their eyes and every indication of a coming "scene" she looked anything but pleased. The only time she showed any signs of emotion was when she was asked her name. She replied that it was forgotten. "Is it Frances?" Her dusky features suddenly lit up and she nodded her head. "Yes, yes, Franca, Franca." The visit was prolonged for several days, and some months later was repeated, some of the nieces and nephews joining the party.

On the day when little Frances was captured, fifty-nine years before, she was carried rapidly through the woods, and a final halt was made near the Genesee River. In the following spring she was taken to Sandusky, where she stayed until autumn, when her Indian friends removed to Niagara, where she lived a year. In accordance with the nomadic habits of her people, her home was continually changed. Her greatest dread was of being discovered by her relatives and taken away, and there is no doubt that when the weary mother was hunting up and down the earth, she more than once came within hail of her lost child who carefully avoided her. It was fortunate they never met.

Frances had been married to a Miami, by whom she had four children. She was wealthy and held in the highest veneration by her tribe and descendants, many of the latter being around her. After a time she seemed to form quite an attachment for her brothers, who, of course, were old men, and she offered them half her land if they would live near her. They in turn pressed her to join them further east, but she thanked them and declined. She was an Indian in everything except birth, and such she lived and died.

MODERN COURTSHIP.—The system of love, courtship and marriage has undergone very radical changes since the days when Jacob devoted a considerable portion of his life to winning Leah the tender eyed, and Rachel the beautiful. Who, in this age of steam, electricity and Atlantic cables, could devote seven years to paying those laborious attentions which have justly come to be called "serious"—so serious, indeed, that in many instances the fashionable pair are oppressed by a sad feeling of soberness during the remainder of their lives? Even Jacob himself, did he live in our time, would scout at the idea as preposterous. Fancy "the girl of the period" bombarded with flowers, at the rate of ten dollars per boquet, during seven mortal winters! Calculate how many hundreds of miles of "Germans" the aspirants would dance during the same space of time! Imagine the innumerable cups of tea he would imbibe in the domestic circle while on such long terms of intimacy with his beloved's family. No physical system could stand it. The most robust man would break down under the ordeal. Even Patrick himself, who, from early youth has been brought up to constant and severe labor, would find it impossible, while "kapeing company" with Bridget, to "ice-crame and discoorse her" for a period of seven consecutive years. The world was made in seven days; but many of the enterprising youth of the present age have shown that all the courting necessary before marriage can be accomplished in much less time, Jacob to the contrary notwithstanding.—*New York Post.*

THERE are critical points in law. An act recently passed in Illinois provides that the person who steals any sum under fifteen dollars shall go to the county jail. If he "conveys" more than that amount he will be sent to the State prison. But if he appropriates the exact sum of fifteen dollars there is no penalty named.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 9, 1875.


NEW YORK city experienced an unusually severe snow storm for the season on Wednesday last.

CINCINNATI was not behind Connecticut, and doubled her Democratic majority of last year. Reports from all parts of Ohio, where elections for city, town and township officers were held, indicate that the State will give not less than 25,000 majority next year.

THERE is a difference of opinion in Ohio and Connecticut as to the fitness of circus managers for mayors. In Bridgeport they elected Barnum and in Cincinnati they defeated Robinson. As both these gentlemen were Republican nominees, the Harrisburg *Patriot* thinks it may be safely assumed that they were chosen specially for their connection with the "ring."

NOW it is reported that the Pope is coming to this country when it becomes certain that he cannot longer remain in Rome. Then indeed is the end of the Republic drawing nigh, for we cannot but incline to the opinion expressed by the Pittsburgh *Post* that we could stand a coffee colored King from the Cannibal Islands, but never the Pope. It would be safe to bet, however, that he never puts in an appearance.

THE Treasurer of the United States, Francis E. Spinner, has resigned and will soon retire from office. He has held the position since 1861 and leaves his department with clean hands. He is of German descent—was born in Herkimer county, New York, and for many years was a leading Democrat in his section of the State. A hundred years hence, if a greenback of the present day should chance to be in existence, his signature will be as great a puzzle then as it is a wonder now.

GRANTISM and the third-term project met with a disastrous and overwhelming defeat at the election in Connecticut on Monday last. The Democrats and Liberal Republicans re-elected Ingersoll (Democrat) Governor, by a majority of about 7,000 over the Radical and Temperance candidates, secured a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, and gained two members of Congress, making the delegation stand *three* Democrats to *one* Radical in the next, instead of *three* Radicals and *one* Democrat, as it did in the last House of Representatives. The coalition throughout the State between the Democrats and Liberal Republicans seems to have been complete and to have been carried out in perfect good faith. This concert of action between two political organizations having precisely the same common object in view, and the splendid result achieved, is an example which may be profitably imitated by other States, and will be unless the worst counsels prevail. Col. McClure, in his Philadelphia *Times*, speaking of the result, says: "It is the death-knell of the third-term pretensions, or it is the death-knell of Republicanism, and it may be both."

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* sets up the following claim in behalf of Simon Cameron:

> He was one of the few men who comprehended the correct proportions of the rebellion. His great sagacity recognized the fact that neither 75,000 men nor ninety days' men would suffice to establish the supremacy of the Government. When General Cameron became Secretary of War he urged upon Mr. Lincoln the necessity of providing for a long campaign. Instead of calling for one hundred thousand, he proposed to put a million of men under arms.
>
> It is scarcely necessary at this day day to discuss Cameron's foresight of the magnitude of the rebellion. He adopted the rose colored prophecies of William H. Seward, who regarded it somewhat in the light of a big row at a Donnybrook fair, and constantly predicted its end within ninety days. The far-seeing view now claimed for Cameron is manifestly an afterthought and has no foundation whatever upon which to rest. He became Secretary of War in 1861, and was banished from office and sent into political exile at St. Petersburgh by President Lincoln in 1862. Before he retired from the Department, he made a visit to St. Louis in reference to the prosecution of the war in the southwest, and either going or returning met General Sherman at Louisville. In a conversation with that officer he asked him how many troops he thought would be required successfully to resist and put down the rebels south and east of Kentucky. Sherman replied that in his judgment it would take at least two hundred and fifty thousand men. Cameron returned to Washington, and in view of Sherman's conversation with him expressed his belief that he was insane. This interview between Cameron and Sherman was published all over the North, to the great injury of Sherman, and, as will be well recollected, it was a subject of serious discussion by the proper authorities at Washington whether he ought not at once to be removed from his military command. But it was not done, and the sequel proved that he was correct. Cameron never dreamed of urging upon Mr. Lincoln the necessity of providing for a long campaign and for putting a *million* of men under arms, but, on the contrary, regarded General Sherman as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum because he had expressed the opinion to him that at least *one-fourth* of that number would be needed to conquer the rebellion in the Southwest alone.

## *Randall and the Speakership.*

It is an old adage that times change and men change with them, and its truth was never more completely illustrated than in the position occupied to-day by nine-tenths of the Democratic papers in this State in reference to the Speakership of the next Congress. It is only a little more than two years since the Congress then in session disgraced itself and shocked the moral sense and propriety of the entire country by enacting the back-pay swindle, and every one will remember what a universal shout of honest indignation it encountered from Maine to Oregon. The Radical party had been so long and so consistently engaged in the work of plundering the people in a thousand different ways, that even this last and most flagrant assault on the public treasury did not call forth either from its leaders or its press as vigorous and general denunciation as its enormity deserved. This was owing to the fact that Grant himself was enabled to pocket one hundred thousand dollars under the extra pay clause. The Democratic press in this State, as well as in every other State, was almost a unit in opposition to it, although in assuming that position it would necessarily be compelled to strike many of its own supporters. The Democratic State Convention of that year, which met at Wilkesbarre, passed a resolution denouncing it in manly and and indignant terms, although Samuel J. Randall, who was then Chairman of the State Committee, vainly attempted to organize the convention in a way that would prevent any decided and outspoken rebuke of himself and his Democratic colleagues in Congress from this State who had voted for it, putting forward for that purpose one of the most brilliant and promising young statesmen in the Democratic ranks, Hon. R. Milton Speer, whose only political sin was the acceptance of the salary grab, against which his vote is recorded, for chairman of that convention. After all this, which is fresh in the recollection of every one, the singular spectacle is presented to-day of the Democratic press throughout the State, with a few honorable exceptions, being engaged in bolstering up the pretensions of this same back-pay statesman, Samuel J. Randall, to the Speaker's chair of the next national House of Representatives. Their execration of fraud and plunder two years ago assumes the shape to-day of abject flunkeyism to the man whom they rightly charged with having assisted in robbing the treasury "with unwashed hands." The very organs of the party that always claim to be the Democratic fingerboards at political cross-roads are vociferous in the humiliating work and at the same time in proclaiming their own shame. They claim that Randall ought to be elected Speaker because at the last session he exhibited great tact and parliamentary skill in obstructing the passage of the Civil Rights and Force bills. We do not underestimate his pluck and good services in that direction, but are weak enough to remember that when the salary grab was the question of the day in Congress, they were exercised with equal vigor in its favor. Above all, we cannot forget that the Democratic party was then and still continues to be opposed to the bold and shameless robbery. We know full well that our voice is powerless, but we will at least preserve our consistency, while the men who run the Democratic machine are shouting hosannas to Randall and stultifying themselves and their party by advocating the election of one of the chief supporters of the extra pay iniquity to the Speaker's chair by a Democratic House of Representatives. When that happens, as it seems likely to do, Democratic denunciation of a Congressional fraud ought forever aftercease.

GOV. HARTRANFT has at last been constrained to issue a proclamation commanding all lawless assemblages in the coal regions to disperse, though he has been beseiged with appeals for troops. A year ago on the first dispatch announcing a disturbance at Susquehanna Depot he hastily ordered a division of soldiers to that place under command of Gen. Osborne. This military force remained at Susquehanna Depot under arms for eleven days, though there was not the slightest disposition to disturb the peace and though the citizens of the town indignantly protested against the employment of the militia. This useless military expedition cost the treasury $16,000.—Fortunately at this time the caution of the politician prevails over the instinct of the soldier, else the entire coal regions would be filled with our gallant militia. It was no doubt hard for the braves who are in command of militia companies and regiments to lose such a good opportunity for distinction in a campaign against the miners. But the exigencies of the political situation cannot be disregarded, and Governor Hartranft is therefore inexorable by every importunity. Were he not a candidate for re-election the Susquehanna Depot campaign might be repeated on a much grander scale without regard to the expense. General Osborne, General Sigfried and the rest have our sympathy, but they may as well make up their minds that the war is over. The Governor will order out "nary a troop." So says the Harrisburg *Patriot*.

JUDGE ELWELL, of the Columbia district, having some time ago decided that School Directors could not assess a tax exceeding *ten* mills on the dollar for school purposes, the case was appealed to the Supreme Court, where Judge Elwell's opinion was overruled, the Court deciding that the highest rate of tax is *thirteen* mills on the dollar.

## *Let the Truth be Known.*

The Chambersburg *Valley Spirit* is right in declaring that the State treasury of Pennsylvania is believed to be a sink of iniquity. Hidden in its depths are secrets which cannot bear the light of day. Corrupt practices in relation to its management have, here and there, been partially disclosed, but the skill of the members of the treasury ring has thus far thwarted the efforts for their complete exposure. Rumor has whispered it all over the State that certain worthless evidences of debt have been carried along, passed from treasurer to treasurer, as so much money, until the people are becoming more and more anxious each day to know how much money is in reality represented by the papers in the treasury.

This investigation can not be staved off much longer. There is an increasing demand for the truth and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth will satisfy this demand. There is no reason why the investigation should be postponed. It is a queer thing, indeed, that the people cannot obtain information in regard to this matter. Are they content to be baffled by the officer who has charge of the vaults of the treasury? Will they submit to the answer that will undoubtedly come from the State Treasurer when the committee, appointed by the House of Representatives, demand an opportunity to look into the secrets of the treasury? That answer will be that one branch of the Legislature has no power to order an investigation and that he will not recognize any committee but a joint committee appointed by the two houses. Will the people submit to this sort of a response from the State Treasurer? They have done it before and we presume they will submit again.

But if the Treasurer takes this position—and we do not doubt for a moment that he will—there is an officer who has the power to investigate.—That officer is the Auditor General. He can institute an inquiry which will lay bare to the public all the secrets of the treasury department. We do not expect the present Auditor General to make this inquiry. He has had the opportunity to do it for the last three years, but has never taken advantage of it. But the man who will assume the duties of that office in May is a Democrat. He was chosen to his position last November over the present incumbent. The people manifested their disapprobation of Mr. Allen's course in this regard by refusing to re-elect him. Mr. Temple was their choice and he is in duty bound to meet their wishes in this respect. He must do it, or be pronounced a miserable failure. The investigation must come, therefore. It cannot be avoided. It must not be avoided. The duty is one which no officer, elected upon a reform platform, can disregard. Mr. Temple bears a high reputation in the western portion of the State for integrity. He must be equal to the duty which is laid upon his shoulders. Like Governor Tilden he must not know either political friend nor foe in this business. He has a great opportunity for distinction and he must not let it slip. No matter whom it hurts, he must show us the inside of the treasury department. If Democrats are sharers of the guilt which lies imbedded there, let the people know it. The investigation is demanded in the interest of reform, and let us have it whether it shatters our political idols or those of the opposition, or both.

THE question of the American Cardinalate has been generally treated in this country, says the Altoona *Tribune*, by our journals from an exclusively American point of view, while as an important ecclesiastical question, the Italian papers give the Roman view, which is most complimentary to the Roman Catholic Church of America, and attaches to the honor much more grave importance than has been bestowed upon it here. The New York papers are full of the details of preparations for the final investiture of the new Cardinal, with descriptions of his robes, his state carriage, horses, etc. On the 15th ult., Archbishop McCloskey received a cable telegram from cardinal Franchi, announcing the fact that he had been that day preconized Cardinal. The announcement was also made that Mgr. Roncetti would bear from His Holiness the Pope the official declaration, attended by Count Mareloschi, as *guardia noble*. The signal favor thus accorded by the head of the Church to an American Archbishop gave unbounded satisfaction to the Catholics in this country, and the priesthood naturally received the intelligence with pleasure, as it gave the Church of the New World an importance hitherto wanting.

THE London *Court Circular*, which had it been issued only thirty years ago, the *N. Y. World* thinks, would never have mentioned a Papistical rite, contains this notice in its issue of March 13:

> The Oratory (Roman Catholic) church, Brompton, was crowded on Tuesday with a fashionable congregation, the occasion being one of the greatest solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church, namely, "Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament." Amongst those who took a leading part was the Marquis of Ripon, who, it is now well known, is a member of the Roman Catholic communion. In the procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the church the noble Marquis assisted as one of the bearers of the canopy which was held over the Sacred Host; and this public testimony of his belief in the real presence of our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament attracted much observation. The other bearers of the canopy with His Lordship were the Hon. Mr. North, the Hon. Mr. Law and Mr. Galton. The altar of exposition and the sanctuary were brilliantly illuminated and tastefully laid out with the choicest flowers. The Marquis of Ripon joined with the congregation in adoring the Blessed Sacrament.

## *Bismarck's Rule.*

SEVEN BISHOPS, FIFTY PRIESTS, THIRTY-SIX JOURNALISTS, AND THIRTY-FIVE OTHERS ARRESTED IN ONE MONTH.

The Berlin correspondent of the New York *World*, writing under date of March 15th, says that it is becoming uncommonly hard for any one to live in peace and security in the German Empire. The new God which we are all required to worship—the omnipotent and omnipresent State—seems to be an extremely jealous God; and nothing but the most abject and complete submission to his will is sufficient to save one from the pains of arrest, domiciliary search, fine, imprisonment, and banishment. Outside of Germany, no doubt, the world hears most of what punishments of this kind are being inflicted on the Roman Catholic priests; and it must be confessed that they are getting it hot. But they are not the only sufferers. There is not a day when a seamstress, a brick-layer, an artisan, a shop-keeper, a civil or military officer, an author or journalist, a doctor, or a clergyman, Protestant or Catholic, is not made to be a victim to the new laws of the German empire. One of our journals, the *Frankfort Gazette*, devotes much of its space to a record of the punishments inflicted upon the transgressors of the new law. Even "to speak disrespectfully of Prince Bismarck" is a crime. During the last month (February) ninety citizens were sentenced to fine and imprisonment for "speaking disrespectfully of Bismarck." February is a short month; but in its twenty-eight days the courts have had 284 cases under these new laws for the propagation and defence of the "Kulturkampf." Besides these there were a host of domiciliary visits, banishments, summary arrests, suppressions of schools and clubs, and prohibitions of public meetings. The Frankfort *Gazette* enumerates the work of the month thus:

> Seven bishops and fifty priests arrested; two priests seized in their churches; a military force was necessary to prevent the people from rescuing their pastors; all the priests, save two, residing in the seminary at Fulda expelled; a fine of $1,720 imposed upon a priest for exercising his functions as a priest after having been deposed by the State; seven communities of teaching nuns suppressed and banished; several schoolmasters forbidden to exercise their calling; thirty-six journalists punished by fine or imprisonment, among them Herr Meyer, of the Chemnitz *Free Press*, sentenced to twenty-one and a half months' imprisonment for "speaking disrespectfully of Prince Bismarck;" the editor of the *Germania* sentenced to two months; the editors of the Frankfort *Gazette*, of the Dresden *Volkszeitung*, and of the Posen *Kreuzer*, all sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. One writer, who asked what should be the proper penalty for calling Prince Bismarck a swindler," imprisoned in the fortress of Spandau, thirty-five of the editors of Ultramontane papers condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from two to fourteen days for expressing sentiments disrespectful to Bismarck; a social democrat, sentenced to seventy-five days' imprisonment "for speaking disrespectfully of the Empress," and so on.

You may imagine now all this irritates and chafes the people. As for the Roman Catholics, Deputy Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in the Parliament, thus expressed the wishes of his co-religionists the other day:

> I am convinced that the unhappy conflicts in which we find ourselves, and which daily grow more acute, admit of no other peaceful solution than the most complete separation of the Church from the State. * * * We see a relation of this kind in America (and to a certain extent it exists in England), and while we exhaust our strength in ecclesiastical politics, while we cannot help fearing that in this struggle the feelings of the people will become more and more embittered, and that brothers of one and the same country will get more and more estranged from each other, while we have to fear that in this struggle all love of freedom and law will perish, in the United States there reigns profound peace, although the greater proportion of its inhabitants are Protestants. It is not surprising, therefore, that all those who love peace direct their eyes to those countries (America and England). But in those countries the separation of Church and State does not mean that the State expels the Church and surrounds her with the police and gendarmes, crushing or controlling any movement of her lip. Every Church is left absolutely free, the State being quite indifferent as to the way she educates her priests or appoints them or exercises her discipline on them. There the State leaves the churches alone, and there is peace.

THE NEW CARDINALS.—*The Ceremony of Taking the Oath.*—The Roman correspondent of the London *Times*, writing under date of March 16th, says:

> At 10 o'clock this morning the four of the new cardinals who are in Rome—Manning, Dechamps, Giannelli and Bartolini—repaired to the Vatican to take the customary oath and receive the *berretta* from the hands of his Holiness. The ceremony was very simple. They were received in the Hall of the Consistory by the Cardinal Vicar Patrizi, Cardinal Vannicelli Casoni and Cardinal Antonelli, representing respectively the three orders of the Sacred College—the cardinal bishops, priests, and deacons—and by Cardinal Pitra, its *Camerlenco*, whose united duty it was to administer and witness the oath. Where the throne usually stands an altar had been erected, on which were six lighted candles and a veiled crucifix, it being Passion-tide, and an open book on the Epistle side. The four new Cardinals advanced to the altar, and, after kneeling before it for a few moments in prayer, ascended the first step—Giannelli to the extreme right, next to him Manning, then De Champs, and lastly, to the left, Bartolini, the four Cardinal witnesses standing in a line across the right end of the altar. Then Cardinal Giannelli read the formula aloud from the book, and, placing his right hand upon it, took the oath, in which he was followed by the others in the order in which they stood. The Cardinal witnesses then withdrew to the Throne room to await the Pope there. He entered, took his seat upon the throne, and, the four Cardinals having seated themselves on stools in a line to the left of the throne and facing across it, the Cardinals-elect were ushered into the presence. They advanced in a line, making three genuflections, and having reached the foot of the throne, knelt upon the lowest step, while the Pope placed the red *berretta* upon their heads, after which they arose, ascending the dais in turn, placed their hands upon the shoulders of the Pontiff, while he extended his hands to theirs, giving and receiving the Apostolic salute. A short address was then read by Cardinal Giannelli, to which His Holiness replied to the effect that although the ceremonial once customary upon the creation of new cardinals had been shorn of much of its splendor in consequence of the calamitous condition of the times, they must, nevertheless, bear in mind that it was full and complete, and ever remember the symbolic meaning of the color of the hat with which he had invested them.—*Pileo de pretiosi Christi sanguine insigniti et decorati.*

—Colored society of Washington, D. C., is deeply interested in an aristocratic wedding, to take place at an early day. The maid of Mrs. Jones, the wife of Senator Jones, is to be led to the altar by Gen. Butler's cook. Great preparations are making for the happy event, and it is rumored that the mansion of Senator Jones will be thrown open, in order that the favored pair may hold a reception.

## *Stolen Children.*

The utter failure after this length of time and with all the rewards offered to discover any trace of the stolen Ross child, has caused a general feeling that the child is dead—that he was either killed by the kidnappers or that he has died from natural causes. This does not necessarily follow. There are numerous instances on record of lost or stolen children who have been found long after all hope had been abandoned. In some cases the lost ones have not been discovered for almost a full lifetime. Judge J. W. Wright, formerly of Indiana, but now residing in Washington, says that in 1834 he was living at Logansport, on the Wabash river, in Indiana. At that time there were but four or five settlements of importance in northern Indiana, north of the Wabash. A man by the name of Brown, living about twelve miles east of Logansport, was clearing a piece of land, and at noon his wife sent their four-years-old boy to call him to dinner. Brown reached his house somewhat late for dinner, and on explanation it was found that he had not seen the boy. In the afternoon the father and mother and the few persons in the neighborhood hunted for the child without success. The next day all the country as far as Logansport was called out in the search, but no trace of the child could be found. At that time a large proportion of the State of Indiana north of Indianapolis belonged to the Miami and Pottawattamie Indians. Mr. Brown visited all the Indian camps in the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, and went as far as the present States of Iowa and Kansas, continuing the search for some years. In 1839 Judge Wright, passing through what is now Whitely county, Indiana, found a white child in a stray band of Kickapoo Indians that from its age and appearance he thought might be the stolen boy. He notified Brown, who visited the child and decided that it was not his, though it was evidently a stolen one. No news of the lost one was gained, and at length all hope was abandoned and it was given up as dead. In 1863 Judge Wright, while on an expedition near Pike's Peak, heard of a white man living with a band of the Cheyennes that was said to have been taken from the Wabash in his childhood. He informed Colonel Bent, who had lived for many years among these Indians, of the facts about the loss of the Brown child on the Wabash, and asked him to see this white man and talk with him. Bent did so and induced him to visit the Wabash the next year, where his identity was fully established as the boy stolen thirty years before. Wright saw him while he was at Logansport. He had adopted all the habits and manners of the Indians. He said he could not live with the white people, and should return to his people (the Cheyennes), where he had a wife and family. After a short stay at his birthplace on the Wabash he did return to the Indians. As already stated, the time elapsed from his departure until his return was in the neighborhood of thirty years. He was stolen by a "stray Indian," i. e., one who did not belong to the Miamis or Pottawattamies. He passed into the hands of the Kickapoos and Siouxs by sale, and finally was captured by the Cheyennes while yet a boy, and was adopted by that tribe. As related above, he found the habits of civilized life too irksome after the wild freedom of his nomadic career with the red men and he returned to his wigwam with his Indian wife, and is now living with the Indians.

LANSBERRY'S DEFENCE.—Joseph Lansberry, now in jail on a charge of killing Colonel Butler, in Clearfield county, in 1864, when the officer went to arrest him as a deserting drafted man, states that he shot Butler in self-defense, and did not know at the time who he was. He says that after he had been drafted, two friends raised money to put in a substitute for him; that an article was printed in a paper published in Clearfield, and edited by the late H. Bucher Swoope; that some one sent a reply to the article and signed his (Lansberry's) name to it; in this reply Mr. Swoope was abused, and the latter then used his influence to prevent Lansberry putting in a substitute. Some months after this two men came to his house one Sunday morning; he was up in the loft getting some grain; they broke in the door; it was early in the morning; when he came down stairs, one of them drew a pistol and fired at him, the ball striking him on the finger, which he has never since been able to close against his hand; that he immediately seized his rifle from behind the door, and shot his assailant, who died the next day. He says the men were not in uniform, he did not know who they were, and he fired in self-defense. He spent one year in Saginaw, Michigan, and the next winter in Erie county, New York. The last nine years he has been living at Emporium, Cameron county. He denies ever having been county. He denies ever having been counseled by Buckalew, Wallace, or any one else, to resist the draft, and attributes his arrest to political motives. This is about the substance of his statement. When his case comes up for trial he will undoubtedly plead that the killing was in self defense.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

FATHER BOEHM.—*A Sermon by a Clergyman Nearly One Hundred Years Old.*—The leading feature of the services in the Methodist conference services in Jersey City on Sunday was a sermon by the Rev. Father Boehm, who will be one hundred years old in May next. Bishop Janes introduced him to the audience, saying that he had known the most influential men from the time John Quincy Adams was President, but he considered it a greater honor to have the acquaintance of this venerable "Father in Christ." The credentials given to Father Boehm when he became a preacher, January 5, 1800, his ordinary parchment, dated May 5, 1805, when he was ordained an elder by Bishop Asbury, and other papers of interest were read by the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, and Father Boehm was brought forward, the entire audience rising to their feet in token of respect. The venerable clergyman looked feeble, but his utterance was clear and he seemed to be in full possession of his faculties. He preached from Nahum, xvii: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." In closing his sermon he briefly spoke of the fact that this would probably be the last conference he would attend on earth, but hoped to meet them all in heaven. He pronounced the benediction by request, the conference standing.

—There is enough heroism and nerve in the way a Tennessee locomotive engineer met his death to temper with sympathy the judgment which his foolhardiness deserves. He was employed on the Georgia and East Tennessee Railroad, and was cautiously working his way over the track with a passenger train just after the recent floods had subsided. He reached Sweetwater Creek, over which a temporary bridge had been thrown to replace the one washed away by the swollen waters. It seemed insecure, and he feared to risk his train and his passengers in crossing it; so, uncoupling the engine from its tender, and ordering the fireman to leave his post, that but one life might be endangered, he dashed at full speed for the other bank. There were moments of breathless suspense, then a crash of broken timbers, an explosion, a cloud of steam, and a wrecked engine. The engineer was seen no more; the rushing river into which he fell swept his body far away, leaving only his name, David Halloway, to memorize his generous but reckless act.

## *News and Political Items.*

—John Plafuelkaeflingar lives in the upper end of Montgomery county.

—In Pittsburgh, Saturday, a German lad named Ziwickel accidentally shot and killed himself.

—If Congress had only passed the Force bill Grant could have taken care of Connecticut.

—The reports from the mining districts indicate there will be no necessity for military intervention.

—A treaty with the Indians for the purpose of ceding the Black Hills will be accomplished within thirty days.

—Murray and Myers, the murderers of the German pedler Wahl, at Pittsburgh, have been sentenced to be hanged.

—The late tornado in Georgia caught up a heavy bureau from a demolished house and carried it a distance of nine miles.

—Another terror has been added to the Centennial by the announcement that the spiritualists will hold an international convention.

—Everybody is now waiting impatiently for some new greenbacks, to see what Mr. New's signature is like. It can never equal Spinner's.

—A Louisville woman has sued a lodge of Knights of Pythias for $50,000 for having fatally injured her husband during the initiation ceremonies.

—In an election riot at Annapolis, Md., on Monday, two men and eight negroes were shot. One negro died, and two others are not expected to live.

—The pleasing Tennessee State Senator, whom a bigoted court sent to prison for the peccadillo of marrying his granddaughter, has been pardoned by the Governor.

—It is estimated at the Treasury Department that between two and three millions of dollars in silver coin will be coined at the United States mints during the present month.

—The English Catholics are raising a subscription to enable Cardinal Manning to maintain his new state in a suitable manner. The Duke of Norfolk heads the list with $5,000.

—Cardinal Manning has arrived in London, and in a few days the Catholic gentry of England will present him with a congratulatory address and a testimonial of 5,000 guineas.

—At Cincinnati, Andrew Egner and George Rufer, who were convicted of the murder of Herman Schilling on the 7th of November last, have been sentenced to be hung on Tuesday, July 13.

—A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature providing that jurors on unusually protracted trials shall receive extra compensation. It is intended to apply to the Tilton-Beecher jury.

—A bee tree discovered in Schuyler county, in New Yorke State, a short time since, yielded one hundred and eighty-six pounds of solid honey, and seventeen pounds of comb and honey.

—"General Spinner," says the *Graphic*, "has handled over fifty-five thousand millions of dollars in the fourteen years of his official term, and the losses amount to less than one dollar on the million."

—A case of mistaken identity resulted in the arrest at Topeka of the Russell county member of the Kansas Legislature, by a detective who had been tracking him for a year as the father of the murderous Bender family.

—The Senatorial excursion has been abandoned on account of reports of yellow fever in Mexico. Tom Scott, William Walter Phelps, and some other speculators and Congressmen, however, have undertaken the trip.

—Eighty ecclesiastics are at present imprisoned in Posen, Prussia, alone. It is rumored that the government has arrested the Papal delegate who has been secretly administering the archbishopric of Posen since the arrest of the incumbent.

—A gentleman in Oswego, New York, has an earthen tea-pot presented to his grandmother by General Israel Putman in 1776, on the occasion of her marriage to a lieutenant in Putman's command. It bears an eagle, shield and patriotic mottoes.

—The geological explorations in the West occasionally develop remarkable aggregations of fossil remains. Lately a vast deposit of fossils was found near Red Cloud, the remains of numerous animals covering an area of ground containing six square miles.

—Mr. Blaine's home organ makes haste to deny the charge that Blaine is a Catholic. It says he has been a Presbyterian for twenty years, and feels confident that there is such a difference between Catholicism and Presbyterian as will take the sting out of the injurious rumor.

—There is a young fellow in Portland whose future depends upon the result of the Brooklyn trial, because the girl he loves has promised to marry him if Beecher is pronounced innocent; otherwise she declares that her confidence in man will be destroyed and she will never wed.

—Colonel Pratt, of Lexington, Ky., says an old lady on his pension-roll, now living in that city, was 101 years old last October. But the old lady is killing herself smoking a pipe. She has been at it now for the last half century, and he thinks she can't stand it many years longer.

—The reply of Rev. Dr. Newman to Mr. Gladstone's vaticanism was published on Tuesday last. Dr. Newman quotes authorities to prove the Pope is not infallible in the subject matter in which conscience is of supreme authority, therefore a dead-lock between conscience and the Pope is impossible.

—John Rourke of Danby, Vt., eloped with a girl only twelve years old. Her father caught them just after the marriage, and the three talked the matter over calmly. The upshot was a tripartite covenant that the bride should go home and live four years, when the husband may go and get her.

—Miss Hester F. Bowman, of Millville, N. J., aged twenty-one years, left her home on the 10th of last month and has not been heard from since. She wore when leaving, a yellow and black striped shawl, plain brown delaine dress, black velvet hat and black figured veil. She has dark eyes, dark hair and one artificial eye.

—A quack now travelling in New England aims to profit by arousing the religious superstition of his dupes. He professes to be a chosen emissary of God, commissioned to cure diseases by baptism. The least astonishing part of the story, considering the latitude he is operating in, is that he makes plenty of converts and money.

—During the stallion show at Paris Ky., on Monday last, Goldsmith's Abdallah, while going around the track, was met by his full brother John Bright, and the shaft of the sulky drawn by the latter entered the breast of the former and came out near the top of the shoulder, causing death in a few minutes. He was valued at $30,000.

—A traveler in Northern New York after the late snow storm says that while driving to Pulaski, Oswego county, he saw a singular sight. A farmer had dug a hole in the snow down to his wood-pile, and was at work chopping some wood. So deep was the hole that only the blade of the axe, while it was at the height of its circling sweep, could be seen.

—At Boardville, on the Mount Clair Railroad, about sixteen miles northeast of Patterson, N. J., on the night of the 1st inst., the house of John N. J. Monks caught fire and was destroyed. Two children were saved by being thrown from a window, but two others were burned to ashes. Mr. Monks was so terribly burned that he died the next day.

—New England grows a little [illegible]. Nearly all the clergymen in Hartford summoned on Thursday, April [illegible], hotel, there to bind in matrimony a fair youth and gentle maiden of twenty-four of the good men appointed ultaneously to discover among the sweet smiles of a surrounding they were the subjects of a [illegible].

—A telegram from Philadelphia, April 7th, says that the First Regiment National Guard has been ordered to [illegible], Gov. Hartranft having learned that they are wanted there immediately. The wires being occupied with other matters, no news has been received from Harrisburg, but it is thought trouble has arisen between the citizens' meeting held there last night.

—It is proposed by the Rhode Island State to celebrate the centennial of the nation by an offering to the Roman education. The work is inaugurated by the appointment of W. Bliss, of Pittsburgh, as Superintendent, by the Trustees of the University at Lewisburg. He will enter upon his duties early in April, and will make Philadelphia as his headquarters.

—A number of Sioux Indians have signified their intention of making a friendly visit to Washington to agree to the cession of the Black Hills. It is supposed that they would make over the whole country for $1,000,000. The Pittsburgh *Gazette* thinks that this is steep, but that we have paid so much for the folly of the Indian tribes as separate nations, and that the force of making treaties with them is that there is no particular use for them now.

—The steamship Periere arrived at New York on Tuesday. Among the passengers are Count Marc Fossen, who will make official announcement to Archbishop Cleskey of his elevation to the Cardinalate, and Monsignore Jacobini, who bears from the Pope the insignia of the Cardinalate. The arrival of the steamer made it impossible for associations that chartered steamers to meet Count Obligate off Sandy Hook as contemplated.

—Some men can do an unpardonable thing in such a way as to make it more than half the sting. Thus Mr. Smith, who worked by night to discover shop, when called upon to [illegible] the wife of his friend Anderson, arrangements with his employer should be promoted to [illegible] he vacated. The contract was [illegible] around, and Anderson, with his wages, has bought a new home and is looking for a young wife.

—Mr. Bristow wrote to Grant that General Grant was of opinion as a man [illegible] as "necessary to this Government ought to get out of office." The N. Y. *Herald* is glad to see His Excellency's thoughts on this [illegible] permanently inquires: As the project is based on the [illegible] is "necessary," will he [illegible] theory or wait to have it [illegible] clearly in his case than in [illegible].

—It is quite evident that [illegible] trash does not intend to [illegible] pealing the "liberal [illegible] was his purpose to step [illegible] done it long ago, as the [illegible] is a simple one, and it [illegible] him long to determine [illegible] should have his approval. [illegible] has elapsed without any [illegible] Governor gives us [illegible] pose that he does not [illegible] of any kind and that he [illegible] measure to become a law without [illegible] nature.

—There was great [illegible] the arrival there of two [illegible] the Black Hills party that [illegible] Springfield about the 1st [illegible]. They had in their possession [illegible] gets and particles of gold [illegible] soil with an axe. They are [illegible] that gold exists there in [illegible] and have returned for provisions [illegible]. They will start soon [illegible] company that they intend to [illegible] Yankton, traveling by the Northern [illegible].

—A drunken wretch [illegible] ny, living in the rear of No. [illegible] street, St. Louis, cut his throat [illegible] in bed about half past one [illegible] day morning, and shortly afterwards [illegible] a razor across his own throat. [illegible] expected to die. The only motive [illegible] the act is that Carny asked for [illegible] the day for money to buy a [illegible] she refused to give him. [illegible] worthless creature, while his wife [illegible] industrious and respectable woman, [illegible] supported the family, consisting of [illegible] husband, and four children.

—The state carriage of Cardinal McCloskey was placed on exhibition in New York on Friday last, by the manufacturers. It is an eight spring Berlin coach of [illegible] tending appearance, but of first-class [illegible] manship. Its weight is 1,695 pounds. The body is black, while the running gear is painted a very dark green. It is lined with blue green satin. The few [illegible] tings used as handles of the doors and [illegible] tings of the lamps are of plain [illegible] silver. The Cardinal's coat of arms has been handsomely emblazoned on the [illegible]. The carriage will be drawn on state occasions by heavy black horses with [illegible] mounted harness. The vehicle cost [illegible] thousand dollars.

—It is to be observed that [illegible] Mr. Beecher's own sworn statement, [illegible] being now on the witness stand, Mrs. Tilton declared to him that she had [illegible] to Tilton a confession that her intercourse with Beecher had not been [illegible] such a case, even if the confession was false, we must admit that Tilton had [illegible] good reasons for attacking Beecher, [illegible] that Mrs. Tilton, and not her husband, is the person who deserves the [illegible] of Plymouth church. It is hard to [illegible] that a sane woman would make such a statement, unless there were [illegible] it; and if she did, it is equally [illegible] to perceive how her husband could [illegible] accepting her story as truthful.

FATHER DE SMET.—"After his return to America," said Mr. Weed, [illegible] recital of this extraordinary career, [illegible] Bishops Hughes and Purcell were [illegible] to the Government of what the [illegible] value this missionary could be to [illegible] their dealings with the Indians. [illegible] vice was accepted, and from [illegible] few years ago, when he closed his [illegible] ary labors, every administration [illegible] services as a mediator of peace. [illegible] all these years he never received [illegible] pensation from the Government, [illegible] all the offers of salary that had been [illegible] to him and sustaining himself on [illegible] own ample means. Previous to his [illegible] he founded a splendid Catholic college [illegible] St. Louis, where he had spent some [illegible] during the last few years of his life, [illegible] died about a year or two ago—I do not [illegible] actly remember when. I am thoroughly [illegible] convinced that if he had lived long [illegible] of our recent difficulties with the [illegible] might have been spared us." Mr. Weed concluded this brief [illegible] heartfelt eulogy on the exalted character [illegible] of his departed friend. In regard to [illegible] missionary's statements about the Black [illegible] posits in the Black Hills country Mr. [illegible] says that Father De Smet mentioned [illegible] the Indians' stories, but only in a [illegible] way. It was so long ago that he [illegible] bered the conversation but indistinctly, [illegible] and could not recollect the exact [illegible] sions used by him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Father Boehm, the Methodist preacher who is now in his ninety-ninth year, has been preaching for seventy-five years. He was born in Germany, and came to this country when he was a boy. He was converted when he was twenty-one years old, and began preaching at once. He has been a missionary among the Indians, and has preached in almost every State in the Union. He has been married twice, and has had twenty-two children, of whom only two are living. He has been a member of the Methodist Church for seventy-five years, and has been a preacher for seventy-four years. He has been a bishop, and has ordained many bishops. He has been a friend of Bishop Asbury, and has known all the bishops of the Methodist Church since the days of Asbury. He has been a friend of Bishop Janes, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Simpson, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Foster, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Haven, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Merrill, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Andrews, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Hurst, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Warren, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Fowler, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Bowman, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Vincent, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Newman, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Harris, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Walden, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Hamilton, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Mallalieu, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Goodsell, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Fitzgerald, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Key, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Kingsley, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Hendrix, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Andrews, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Hurst, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Warren, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend of Bishop Fowler, and has known him for many years. He has been a friend

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
MAY, - - APRIL 9, 1875.

J. L. FOULK,
Of the Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia Press Association,

Is the only person in Pittsburgh who is authorized to collect and receive pay for advertisements to be inserted in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN. He has the lowest advertising rates.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

**Short Items, and the Other Place.**

—Spring fever has laid violent hands on a number of our citizens.

—Fire and wisdom worked wonders for the Cooper works Wednesday evening.

—Twenty fire plugs, it is estimated, will ornament every square in Ebensburg. Plug 'em.

—The first bee-stung boy of the period made his appearance Wednesday morning with one of his eyes very badly demoralized.

—James Curran, of Johnstown, is still missing, and is now believed to be drowned. He has been out of his mind when he disappeared.

—Water meeting was at the Court House Wednesday evening. A room full of people and a people for once and for a wonder full of water, pro and con.

—The many friends of Mr. A. C. Mullin in this city will be gratified to learn that he is recovering, slowly but we hope surely, from an illness which threatened his life many days ago.

—A freight brakeman named James Kinney was crushed and severely injured by being caught between the bumpers of two cars he was in the act of coupling at Tyrone on Friday.

—The dwelling house of Findley Cameron, near Strongstown Indiana county, caught fire from a defective flue, on the 1st inst., and was burned to the ground. Loss not ascertained.

—The first marten of the season, solitary and alone, applied at the Cambria House in this place on Sunday last for accommodations for itself and friends during the coming summer.

—Among the *local* items in one of our contemporaries we find it announced that a palace was recently discovered in Jerusalem which is supposed to have been occupied by Pontius Pilate.

—The Republican County Committee will meet in this place on Wednesday next to select two Representative delegates to the State Convention and signify their choice for Senatorial delegate.

—Two children of Mr. Louis Wehn, of Johnstown, came near being suffocated by gas that had escaped from a defective pipe, on Sunday morning last, but were fortunately aroused in time to save their lives.

—"Waterfall was there, my countrymen," will be nothing in comparison with the water works that will be here, my towns, sure, if the friends of the enterprise succeed in uprooting their opponents at the polls to-morrow.

—The difference between the town of Mifflin and a vast majority of the other towns in the State is, that almost every man you meet in Mifflin is a notary public, while nearly every man you meet elsewhere is not a Republic—an.

—Mr. Putt, of Puttstown, Huntingdon county, after puting in about eighty years on this terrestial globe, had his lamp of life put out by the "king of tenors" one day last week, after which he was put to rest in the Puttstown cemetery.

—An old house belonging to Mr. Andrew Gill, of Chest township, which was being utilized for meat-smoking purposes, caught fire the other day, and the old house and the old meat may now be numbered among the things that were.

—A machine shop and an agriculture implement manufactory are hinted at as among the probabilities of Ebensburg's future if the water works go on. For such blessings any person should be willing to take water—even in his whisky.

—Mr. George Saulsby died at St. Augustine on Monday last, aged about 78 years, and was interred at Chest Springs on the following day, his funeral being attended by a number of Odd Fellows from this place, of which order he was a member.

—Mrs. Eliza Parrish, relict, and executrix of Silas Parrish, dec'd, will sell at public sale at her residence in Munster township, on Monday, April 19th, two mares, one yearling colt, two fresh cows, young cattle, sheep, and much other personal property.

—The *Herald* notices the destruction by a premeditated incendiary fire of a barn and a lot of stock belonging to a man named Wolf, residing in the vicinity of Strongstown, but we are assured on competent authority that no man by that name lives in said neighborhood.

—A gentleman whose voice was raised in opposition to the proposed water works at the meeting Wednesday night alluded to the "floating population" of Ebensburg, but we presumed to have a "floating population" to tell how a town destitute of water could be.

—While Mr. Daniel H. Jones, of Cambria township, was engaged in making spiles with a view to tapping sugar trees, a few days ago, when the sharp, heated iron used in making the spiles slipped and entered the upper part of his left hand, inflicting a very painful wound.

—The unmitigated scoundrel who recently stole a valuable dog and stole a lot of sheep belonging to Mr. Charles Farbaugh, of Carrolltown township, is invited to call around some night soon and interview Charley's double-barrelled spring gun, which is warranted to go off before the thief.

—The eye has never seen nor has it ever entered into the mind of an Ebensburg man to conceive of a more extensive stock of clothing and shoes than is now on exhibition at D. J. Mills' cheap cash store, where foot coverings to suit all tastes and meet all purses can be bought at the lowest cash prices.

—The notorious David Farner and two other prisoners named Richard Long and Jacob Howard, who were transferred from the jail here to the lock-up in Johnstown for trial at the District Court, managed to escape from the latter institution Monday night by filing off an iron bar, and thus far have eluded recapture.

—The "School of Scandal," with James Bennett, Bessie Burtnett, his wife, Laura Burtnett and Nimrod McElcarr as the star troupe, is now on the boards of the Johnstown District Court. Adultery, fornication, piracy, and Lord know what all, are the principal acts in this worse than Black Crook drama from real life.

—The *Bedford County Press* says that Miss Annie Hillegan, of Juniata township, that county, caught a live swan on the 25th ult., near the residence of her uncle. The swan appeared to have been exhausted and had come to *terra firma* and was unable to rise again. It measured seven feet and four inches from tip to tip across the wings.

—Chaplain Davis made *the* speech of the evening at the water meeting, bringing "down the house" at every utterance and making old fogies and a white-washed, fenced-in town quake in their respective boots, besides pledging his word to buy all the bonds necessary to complete the works.

—Our private opinion, publicly expressed, is that it is "penny wise and pound foolish" for any community to dispense with so needful a necessary to the safety of its property and the convenience of the people as water works, provided of course that the expense does not exceed the ability of the taxpayers to liquidate the debt within the space of an ordinary lifetime.

—Solomon Deitrich, of Juniata township, Bedford county, who evidently possessed none of the wisdom pertaining to his namesake of old, shot himself through the head with a revolver, a few days ago, and died in twenty-seven hours after. The self-murderer has left a wife and four children, the youngest of which is only four weeks old.

—With a sigh of relief we accept the belief that the cold weather is over, and now we'll prepare Spring blessings to share while we wait for the coming of clover; so let us pitch in and take what we win of what nature designs to be enjoyed, not forgetting the while that cheap goods of best style have just been received by Myers & Lloyd.

—The Altoona *Mirror* learns by a private letter from Houtzdale, Clearfield county, dated April 5th, that on that day the miners had "asked for an advance of ten cents per ton. If not given by the operators a general strike of the entire region is imminent. All the mines at present are working full capacity and have more orders than they can fill."

—Mr. Philip Flenner, a resident of Portage Station, this county, and a soldier of the war of 1812, completed the ninety-ninth year of his age, according to his own reckoning, on Tuesday last. We join the Johnstown *Tribune* in hoping that Mr. Flenner may live to enjoy his own centennial by visiting the nation's centennial in Philadelphia in 1876.

—A military company has been formed in this place, at least so far as the signing of sixty odd names to the roll is concerned, and if it can go through the ordeal of electing officers without busting, it will probably be in proper trim for doing guard duty at the Centennial as part of Col. Milliken's fifth regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania.

—Last evening, says Monday's Altoona *Mirror*, while Peter McNally, Esq., an aged and esteemed citizen, was descending the stairs in his residence on Eleventh avenue, with an oil lamp in his hand, he lost his footing and fell to the floor below. He fortunately sustained but slight injury, yet his escape from serious accident was remarkable. The lamp was extinguished in the fall.

—A colored man named Robert Howard, employed at a livery stable in Huntingdon, drove a horse and buggy into the Juniata river on Thursday last, for the purpose of cleansing the buggy, but failed to drive out again, the high water overwhelming driver, horse and buggy, and drowning the two former. The dead horse and the buggy were eventually drawn to shore, but at latest accounts the body of Howard had not been recovered.

—He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down at the mat. He trembled in his speech, he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"—that hat I bought so fine and sleek from Hess & Brother, kind and meek, whose clothing store with stock replete is easily found on famed Main street—241 and 243, Johnstown.

—The facts and figures presented at the water meeting Wednesday evening, and claiming to be from the most reliable and trustworthy sources, showed very conclusively that the works could be completed, pipes laid through all the principal streets and twenty fire plugs furnished for less than $15,000, and a community that cannot stand that outlay for a project so pressing deserves to be, in the language of Chaplain Davis, (not original,) fenced in and whitewashed without further ceremony.

—It is always mete to have a friend, and especially one who deems it mete to meet you with a smile and inform you that he will mete out to you a liberal supply of meat free gratis for nothing if you will only meet him at his meat market. Of such is our clever friend Joe Gutwald, the prince of butchers, who meted out to us not long since a large roast and a couple of very tender steaks, for which of course our bowels yearneth with exceeding great gratitude. Next.

—A report reaches us that two men were drowned in Chest creek, in Chest township, this county, on Friday last, while engaged in breaking up a log jam, but with the exception of having heard that the name of one of the victims was Flenner we have no particulars relating to the sad occurrence. Mr. John Flenner, of Wilmore, is said to have been employed at logging on Chest creek, but whether he is the one who has met so untimely a fate we are not prepared to say.

—Mr. James Herrod, of Derry, Westmoreland county, has retired permanently from the business of jumping off trains while in motion. Having accomplished that feat one night last week, at Morrellville, this county, he has come to the conclusion that it don't agree with his constitution. Bloody and bruised he succeeded in crawling to the residence of a Mr. Buckheimer, which he reached about one o'clock next morning, and after waking up the family was taken in and cared for. He is now suffering with concussion of the brain and other serious injuries.

—Mr. Michael Fitzharris, late of Gallitzin, and another gentleman named Ritz, have conjointly leased the St. Charles Hotel, Altoona, for a term of three years, at an annual rental of $2,500. Mr. Fritzharris, like his brother John, in this place, knows how to keep a hotel as is a hotel, and we bespeak for the St. Charles, which is one of the most commodious and comfortable hotels in the State, a run of custom which will ere long create for the proprietors a few Black Hills of their own that will not do to be sneezed at. In a word, may Fritz and Ritz find paying "sits," now that they moved their "flits" to the St. Charles hotel, Altoona.

—Our clever little friend Harry Dorn, of the Altoona *Tribune*, who went through Florida almost as rapidly as he proposed to "go through" the writer hereof on a certain memorable occasion, has returned home after taking one peep at the alligators and sich like, writing one letter to the *Tribune*, and paying (sic) one week's board more, or less, away down in the everglades of Florida, and now we are gravely informed that he is much improved in health, and no doubt somewhat depleted in finances. All of which, as regards the health, we hope is true, but we fear the story is a little attenuated.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* is responsible for the following: Among the branches of an apple tree, on the lower end of Washington street, a robin made its nest a short time ago, and a few days since hatched out its young. Mr. Krebs, residing in the vicinity, has been feeding the old ones since they commenced building their nest, and the little ones appear to be getting along first rate, in spite of the rather inclement season at which they first opened their eyes upon the world. We believe this is a very unusual circumstances, as Spring birds do not generally hatch their young until the leaves begin to appear on the trees.

—As this is the year of jubilee in the Catholic Church, a special season of prayer and thanksgiving which has it occurrence every twenty-five years, but which, owing to the disturbed condition of the world in the year 1850, was omitted at that time, it will interest many of our readers to learn that for the very moderate sum of ten cents, or three copies for twenty-five cents, a complete "Manual of Instructions on the Jubilee and Prayers recommended to be said in the Station Churches" can be obtained by either calling on or addressing, with money enclosed, Mr. F. A. Storm, at Loretto, Cambria county, who is abundantly prepared to supply all demands of the kind.

—The Wilkensburg *East-Ender*, which by the way has donned a new head and put on a much neater typographical appearance, is responsible for the following well appreciated compliment: "Cambria county is singularly fortunate in having two such papers as the CAMBRIA FREEMAN and the Johnstown *Voice and Echo*, and any resident of that county who is not a subscriber to those papers cannot be a lover of his country and his kind." Thank you kindly, friend Eisenbise, and may the skull of Editor Cowan, for which your heart languishes, inasmuch as he declared that you were becoming crosseyed by going one eye on ticket punching and the other on editorial writing, soon grace your wampum belt.

—Davy Jones, who did the honors of a clerkship at Huntley's mammoth hardware store on this place for a considerable length of period, but who at the present writing is employed in a like capacity by J. D. Thompson & Co., manufacturers of brushes and wholesale dealers in notions, toys and fancy goods, Nos. 176 and 178 Wood street, Pittsburgh, made his appearance in our midst a few days ago as a commercial traveler for the above firm, and did, we hope, a good business among our merchants. Davy is one of the best fellows extant—good humored, obliging, and strictly honest—and if he succeeds eventually to a partnership in the house he is now so faithfully serving, or some other streak of good fortune strikes him, we shall have no tears of regret to shed.

—We do not intend to speak of the fact as eggs-traordinary, nor will we in any other way egg-ercise our peculiar penchant for punning, but in the simplest language possible we wish to put upon record the fact that Mr. Wm. Makin, of Cambria township, has in his possession a *bona fide* hen's egg which measure 12½ inches from stem to stern and back again, 8½ inches in circumference, and weighs one pound, lacking the fraction of an ounce, balancing seven ordinary eggs in the scales. That the egg in question is the production of a "biddy" is evidenced by the fact that it was found in a nest in Mr. Makin's hay-mow and bears all the outward semblance of a genuine hen's egg. A bigger thing than this in the same line we never heard of, and if any one else has we will be glad to note the fact.

—As the time approaches for the selection of a successor to Mr. Chapman, the present efficient County Superintendent, teachers who are willing to serve their country and pocket the emoluments of said office begin to loom up in several localities. The first of these, in the order of gallantry if not of precedence, is Miss Rose Quinn, of Johnstown, as estimable a lady and as able and successful a teacher as can be found anywhere. Next in order for us to mention on the score of local pride, if for no other reason, though the last to be heard from, is Mr Hartman Berg, of this place, who has qualifications second to no one who has been or is likely to be named in that connection. Then comes Mr. Frank S. Meloy, of Millville borough, and Mr. N. N. Keener, of Johnstown, neither of whom have any reason to be ashamed of his record as a teacher or afraid to stand the most searching scrutiny as to his fitness for the position to which he aspires. Altogether the contest promises to be a spirited one, and our only wish is that the best man or lady may bear off the honors.

—After prayer meeting on Thursday evening of last week, Mr. R. E. Smith, on behalf of the Presbyterian congregation of this place, presented Mrs. Edie, relict of Rev. J. W. Edie, late pastor of said congregation, with a large and elegant portrait of her deceased husband, executed by a Pittsburgh artist, and said to be true to life. The portrait, which is known as a crayon picture, is valued at $60, and was received by Mr. Geo. W. Jones on behalf of Mrs. Edie, the remarks of both gentlemen being well worthy of so interesting an occasion. This handsome tribute of respect does infinite credit to the congregation and is a well deserved compliment to the estimable wife of a much beloved and greatly lamented clergyman; in her departure from our midst Mrs. Edie cannot but bear with her the liveliest sentiments of gratitude and affection for those who have thus manifested their appreciation of herself as a lady and of her departed husband as a laborer during a great part of his life in the ministry of the church to which he was so sincerely attached.

### DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTIONS.—*A Suggestion Worthy of Consideration.*

So many complaints have heretofore been made after a Democratic county convention has finished its work of nominating a county ticket, and so frequent have been the allegations of defeated aspirants that the delegates did not fairly represent the wishes of their constituents, that we venture a suggestion, which, if acted on at the next delegate election, will insure in the convention an honest expression of the preference for candidates entertained by a majority of the Democratic voters in the county. In the first place, let none but men of judgment and intelligence be proposed as delegates to the convention. Before the voting commences, let a list of the names of *all* the candidates for the different offices be written on a sheet of paper and delivered to the judge of the board, and let each person voting make a mark, in presence of the judge and clerks, opposite the names of the different candidates he prefers, and then let the delegates who may be elected consider themselves *instructed* to vote for the candidates who have received the greatest number of marks. Ought any candidate object to this plain and simple mode of ascertaining the wishes of the Democratic voters of a district? If he does, he confesses his own weakness and a determination to pass through the convention without having the endorsement of the Democratic voters to sustain him. We make this suggestion, which is fair and honest, thus early in the campaign, in order that it may be discussed and taken into consideration; and we firmly believe, if adopted, that it will promote harmony in the party and mete out fair and impartial justice to all the candidates.


DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will cure a cough in one half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause—subduing the irritation and healing the affected parts. For all cases of laryngitis, hoarseness, suppression or loss of voice, bronchitis, severe chronic or lingering coughs, it will be found to surpass any medicine that has ever before been offered to the public. It is sold by all dealers in medicines.


## Local Correspondence.

TOM SCOTT'S PLACE, NEAR DICK HUGHES'S, NOT FAR FROM PORTAGE, April 3, '75.

*Editor of the Cambria Freeman:*

DEAR SIR—I am not a subscriber to your valuable newspaper, although I know very well that I ought to be. Still, like many another decent man, I often borrow it from some of my good neighbors, and I like it very much. I like to read it—it's a good paper. Your local correspondence is an interesting feature. I like to see the news from the different townships and places; and if it is not given in just the choicest languages, but comes near the truth, etc., it is still interesting; and it affords *us scholars* an opportunity to exercise our powers of criticism, which keeps our ideas brightened up—keeps from rusting, as it were.

I see you have a correspondent just over the line, in Washington township. He *ain't* a very heavy correspondent—that is, he don't always write *good grammar*; and *we* sometimes, when we haven't anything else to do, "speak sometings apout it," as the Teuton would say.—"Quincy," for that is what that chap calls himself, got mad last week and "scold uncommon" because when I read the sentence in one of his productions, "there are a great many *saw logs* being *delivered*," etc., *wondered* how *many* saw logs there would be by the time the next census would be taken, etc. Do *you* think, Mr. Editor, that there was any harm in that *wonderful* remark. When you give your *views* on the grammatical constructions of *that sentence* you will please say, in a P. S., what you think. If you don't like to, however, you needn't.

Now, I am a *sovereign citizen* of these United States, and I know more about the rules of grammar than all the little *fumiliels* (that's "all fat"—French) in Washington township, and I reserve to myself the right to criticise the *grammar* or the *truth* of any writer, be he schoolman, or any other man. I also reserve to myself the right to discuss both political and religious subjects with any chap I may happen to come across when I go to Portage to sell my onions, or to drive a trade with Mr. Flinn for my maple sugar, and if this chap can't do anything but "rub his jaw," he shouldn't find fault with a civil citizen like me for criticizing his very commonplaceand very ungrammatical productions; and I didn't ask anybody either. With regard to the schools over in Washington township giving more satisfaction this winter than ever before, that's "too thin." That they *closed* with the entire approbation of all who were *afflicted* with them is a truth disputed by none. That they may never again open under the same aspices is the ardent prayer of all. From some of the "donkey shows" may the Lord deliver us in the future—even if the saw-logs shouldn't be *delivered*.

And now, Mr. Editor, as I have my cats to feed, I will close this communication, assuring "Quincy" that I am not a critic and a scholar, and with the gentle hint that the handling of the "shelalah" used to be one of my favorite sports.

I may write again when I get my potatoes planted.

Yours, in haste, MICHAEL DALY.


SIGNS OF DISEASE.—Many of the chronic diseases of to-day might have been arrested in their incipient stages, and speedy cures long since obtained had timely application been made to a conscientious physician of learning, of judgment, and of skill in treatment.

The slightest feelings of distress is positive evidence of existing disease, and the sooner it is removed the better. By thus nipping disease when these *signs* first appear, hundreds of lingering cases may be avoided and much suffering prevented.

These are some of the advantages we propose to gain by a scientific examination of the urine.

The *facts* which the optical appearances, chemical analysis, and microscopic observations reveal to the physician, compensate more than a hundred fold for the time required to make the examination. They throw such flood of light upon the nature of the disease, and give such demonstrative evidence of the extent, that both the kind and degree may often be definitely determined by an examination of the urine alone, and, whatever the disease, seldom fails in furnishing us with the clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated.

No one should disregard the slightest feeling of indisposition no more than the severest suffering, but repair at once to a physician, whose whole time and attention is devoted to the discovery of the best mode of relieving the most afflicted, in the shortest time, and at the least possible expense.

Those living at a distance, by sending a specimen (morning's urine), for scientific analysis and examination, can have the necessary medicine sent them by express.

Address Drs. Oldshue, 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh.


A CLEARFIELD COUNTY ELOPEMENT.—Some eight months ago, Miss Annie Clouse and Mr. Henry Albright were united in marriage by a Justice of the Peace in Tyrone. Mr. Albright was a brakeman on the Tyrone Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Osceola was the most convenient point along the line for a place of residence. So, subsequently, Mrs. Albright engaged boarding with her brother in Osceola, and together she and her husband lived happily, until quite recently. The husband's duties calling him away from the side of his affectionate wife "many a time and oft," opportunity was afforded her to indulge in a little innocent flirtation. This species of amusement she found most attractive with an old flame, one Henry Potoff. Up to the first day of this month, however, nothing transpired to give any particular alarm to the husband, but on that day his eyes were opened to a new and singular experience—his wife had eloped with that "other fellow," Henry Potoff. They were traced to Tyrone, where it was ascertained they boarded a Western train. Prior to their departure from Tyrone they disposed of several articles of household goods, the money realized in the sale of which they appropriated to their own use. The husband, when he had learned these things, immediately followed in pursuit. He made a vigorous search of this city, but failed to learn anything concerning them, and up to this writing, they are enjoying uninterruptedly the fruits of their clandestine flight. But they will certainly live to regret their action.—*Altoona Mirror.*

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A man named James Wilson, while residing in the State of Missouri during the early years of the war, was forced into the confederate army, leaving a wife and two children in destitute circumstances. His family soon after returned to Westmoreland county, this State, where they had formerly resided, and where a third child was added to the household. Here, too, poverty and distress were their constant companions, which so preyed upon the mind of the wife and mother that her reason finally became dethroned, and she eventually found her way to the County Poor House, where she has been ever since, the children in the meantime being left to the care of strangers. Thus matters stood until a few days ago, when, as we learn from the Greensburg *Democrat*, a stranger appeared at the house where one of Mrs. Wilson's children was living and inquired if a boy named Wilson lived there. The boy was pointed out to him, who is now a stripling of thirteen summers, when he clasped him in his arms and exclaimed, "My God, and is this my child!" His wife and the other children were in turn visited, and explanations followed, which will doubtless result in the re-union of the once happy family. After returning from the rebel army, Mr. Wilson, failing to find his family, enlisted in the regular army, and was discharged a short time since, when he again sought his long-lost family. Since his return his wife's mind is improving and it is hoped will finally be restored.


STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—It is natural for people suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Severe Colds, or any other disease of the Throat and Lungs, to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. If you will go to your Druggists and get a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP, your immediate cure is as certain as you live.—It has lately been introduced into this country from Germany, and Druggists and people everywhere are elated over its success. You can get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size bottle 75 cents. Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.


SPRING POETRY, OR POETRY WITH A LITTLE SPRING IN IT.—All folks are glad, and nary one mad, now that bleak Winter is ended, for it must be confessed that it's full time for a rest from what could in no way be commended; and as now we presume there is plenty of room for improvement in personal attire, we suggest for the Spring that the very best thing is to buy clothing that all must admire—at Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 169 Clinton street, Johnstown.

## Letter from Florida.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 24, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—I solicit sufficient space in your columns to give your readers an account of a observations during my recent trip from Jacksonville to and including my impressions of this place.

I left Jacksonville at 7:30 A. M. per steamer up the St. John's river, which by the way passes through a section of the State replete with the most varied and enchanting scenery, and as the river in many places stretches out to five or six miles in width, the bright rays of the sun meanwhile and all the year round shedding their lustre upon the dark waters and adding additional beauty to the green foliage on either shore, it may well be imagined that to Northern people who have but recently turned their backs upon an unbroken wilderness of snow and the pitiless blasts of an unusually severe winter this land of perpetual verdure is indeed an Eden of delights.

Our first landing was at Madarin, an old settlement on the east bank of the river, where Rt. Rev. Augustine Verot, Catholic Bishop of Florida, many years ago established a convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and where too a handsome Catholic church has been erected. Here also is located the winter residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, almost hidden from view by orange, oak and other trees and shrubbery, and affording altogether a delightful looking retreat which any one might envy.

Green Cone Springs is a very pleasant resort, its principal attraction being a large sulpher spring, the water of which is so strongly impregnated with sulpher that the smell of it at first is very disagreeable, even at a distance, but it loses this peculiarity after a few visits. It affords fine bathing, the water being of a temperature of 78° and flowing it is said at the rate of 2,000 gallons per minute.

The next place we reach is Tocoi, the terminus of the St. Augustine Railroad, which is as desolate a looking spot as I have ever seen, and to which no description of mine could do justice. Leaving this place per railroad, we pass through an unbroken wilderness and swamp for fifteen miles, save and except an opening near St. Augustine, where one daring spirit has taken up his abode, seemingly envious of the solitude enjoyed by the snakes and alligators. Arriving at the station here, we found a rude attempt at civilization in the shape of a railroad depot. On our way from the depot to the city proper we passed through a long, narrow causeway extending across a swamp, built of coquina and filled in the centre with sand, over which we wended our way and ere long found ourselves in a city which seems foreign in all respects and well worthy of special attention. Then came an extended archway formed by overhanging orange, oak and other shade trees, from which we finally emerged to find ourselves in front of the "Plaza de la Constitution." In the very heart of the most antiquecity in America. Near the centre of the plaza or square stands a monument commemorative of the Spanish Liberal Constitution of 1812. The city itself, containing as it does a population of some 2,000 souls, is built upon the spot where once stood Menendez, the Indian name of which was Seloy. The present city has for its commercial centre a thoroughfare from twelve to fifteen feet in width, called Charlotte street, which is nearly a mile in length. This is one of the widest avenues in the city, these crossing it at right angles being not more than eight feet in width, which of course affords scarcely room for two teams to pass each other. All the old Spanish residences are built of coquina rock, a shell formation which is found in inexhaustible quantities on Anastasia Island.

The City of St. Augustine is nearly surrounded by water, and being in close proximity thereto, an unimpeded view is afforded of vessels out at sea under full sail. Fort Marion, at the northeastern extremity of the city, commands the inlet from the sea. It is built of coquina rock and is said to be the best preserved specimen in the world of the military architecture of its time, being the oldest fortification on the Western continent. The original name of the fort was San Juan de Pinos, which was subsequently changed to San Marco, and finally, in 1821, to Fort Marion. The structure is capable of accommodating one thousand troops, and mounting one hundred guns. Its erection was commenced in 1539, but it was not completed, I am told, until 1756. Over the entrance to the fort are the Spanish coat of arms, the names of the then Governor, architect, date, etc., all of which are still quite legible. Its walls and watchtowers are still intact, but its guns are in rather a dilapidated condition, their wood work having rotted away and the rust having so filled such as had the vent with the iron fastenings that they are utterly useless. A high moat which surrounds the fort has frequently been flooded by the waters from the St. Sebastian river. The bastion on top of the fort is about 40 feet wide, and beneath it are arranged the various apartments, all of which are arched overhead.

During the Seminole war two Indian chiefs, Osceola and Coacoochee, were confined in Fort Marion, from which the latter, however, after reducing himself by a systematic course of starvation to a mere living skeleton, eventually managed to crawl through the grating and make his escape. Osceola, the other prisoner, was removed to Castle Pinckney, Charleston harbor, where he finally died.

In 1836, as the story goes, a U. S. military engineer, while examining the dungeon beneath this fort, discovered the skeleton of a human being manacled to the wall. Still further research revealed the presence of a large stone, differing entirely from those used in the structure itself, upon the removal of which the various apartments, containing two iron cages suspended by hasps from the wall, were opened to view, and, horrible to relate, in those cages were found quite a number of human bones.

While inspecting these dungeons, which I did only partially, I could not but think of the great suffering that must have been endured by those unfortunates whose bones were thus brought to light, and yet it is possible if not probable that the bones found were those of Spanish noblemen, chieftains or other men of note whose remains were thus disposed of after death in accordance with their own wishes or for some other satisfactory reason.

The next subterranean apartment of any importance that attracted my attention was the chapel, in which is an altar built of stone, the graining steps whereof were worn almost through the fact which indicates quite plainly that Mass must have been celebrated there for many, many years, if not for centuries.

The city wall has been entirely obliterated, having been used to defend the city against the hostile attacks of the enemy, and there is nothing left to mark the site except the city gate, which is a well preserved and interesting relic, with towers, loop-holes, sentry boxes, etc., and a deep ditch which was excavated to connect the moat water around the fort with the St. Sebastian river. The sea wall is nearly one mile in length and about four feet in width, affording a fine promenade and an impregnable defence, if need be, to that part or the city fronting on the bay.

The Catholic cathedral is the largest religious edifice in the city. Its belfry contains four bells, hung in separate niches, besides a large clock made in the form of a cross. The front wall of the cathedral extends considerably above the roof, with offsets at each extremity, and in this wall the bells are located. One of these bells, bearing date 1682, first did duty on a chapel outside the city gate, where it was used, as now known to have been massacred by the Indians. One of these priests, who had given offense to an Indian chief by taking strong grounds in a sermon against a plurality of wives, was murdered at the foot of the altar. The priest asked time to say Mass, which privilege was granted after considerable solicitation, but when the Mass was ended and the celebrant had descended from the altar, the fatal blow was given and ere long the unfortunate priest lay still and cold in the embrace of death. The scene of this sacreligious tragedy is marked by a simple mound, surrounded by a wall the stones of which are worn away by the feet of the countless thousands who have crossed over to view the hallowed spot. Entering the church, we found that it presented a strange appearance as compared with the more modern style of architecture. The ceiling is very high, the windows are mostly sixteen feet from the floor, and the pews are small and in form not much unlike those of the present day. The main altar is built of wood and is raised in steps to quite a height. Above the altar is a niche for the image of St. Augustine, over which are inscribed the words: "Sancte Augustine! Ora Pro Nobis!" while surrounding and enclosing all is an arch extending clear up to the ceiling. On the right of the main altar is a niche for the statue of St. Aloysius, inscribed, "Sancte Aloysi! Ora Pro Nobis!" while on the left is still another niche for the image of St. Ambrose, bearing this inscription: "Sancte Ambrosi! Ora Pro Nobis!" On the east side of the church an altar is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and on the east side is still another altar erected in honor of St. Joseph, each of which is supported by two whole and two half pillars, and are otherwise tastefully ornamented. The chandeliers are shaped somewhat like those of our own times, but the stems are composed of wood and iron clamped together, the pendants, which are designed for candles only, being curved in the usual way.

St. Augustine has many fine orange groves and beautiful gardens, wherein semi-tropical fruits and flowers are extensively cultivated.

Geographically speaking, I do not consider Florida a very desirable State for Northern people to settle in, although it must be confessed that the climate is very genial during the winter months, especially to those who have experienced the chilly blasts and drifting snows of our Northern clime.

Living here is rather an expensive luxury for casual visitors, the rates at first-class hotels being four dollars per day, from which sum the swindle is graded down to forty dollars per month for the most unpretending accommodations.

In a political point of view I have seen nothing in the South to fall in love with, as corrupt and incompetent men for the most part seem to hold the reins of government. Nor will any amount of legislation suffice to improve the social condition of the people, it being in my estimation utterly impossible to legislate an inferior race into favor with a superior one. Good times might do the work, but they to a great extent would have to be supported by charity, the people here for the most part being very much impoverished. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a school for colored children at Jacksonville which contains seventy pupils and is supported exclusively by charitable contributions.

But my letter is much too long already, so I will close for the present.

I am, respectfully, P. M. BROWN.


# PRICES REDUCED
AT THE WHOLESALE
# BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE
OF
# GILL & BROTHER,
253 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH,

**To which we invite the attention of the Trade.**

With the opening of another spring we announce the receipt of a complete assortment of Spring Goods, WOMAN'S, MISSES', and CHILDREN'S. MEN'S, BOYS', and YOUTHS' BOOTS, SHOES, and BROGANS.

Congress Gaiters, Alexis, Oxford, and Jersey Ties and Fine Calf Boots.

Miners' Nailed Shoes, Rubber Goods, &c.

Also a large stock of CITY-MADE GOODS, Goat, Morocco, and Lasting.

☞ Bottom Prices. Orders promptly attended to. [March 26.-3m.]


[ORIGINAL.]

### SUMMER SCHOOL.

Didst ever go to summer school,
When all was bright and cheery—
When birds sang in the shade trees cool
All day, and ne'er grew weary?

The brooklets purled and flowers grew,
And seemed so very joyous,
On downy wings the hours flew
And naught was there to cloy us.

The squirrel ran the crooked fence
And hopped and jumped and scolded;
He sat and looked at us askance
As earthen pies we moulded.

When fervent noontide's gen-erous rays
Warmed up each nook and bower,
Beneath the trees we'd have our plays,
All through the dinner hour.

When books were called and we all there,
We'd hear the bees a humming
Outside amid the balmy air
As we oursums were summing

And all could hear the endless whirr
Of dusty brown grasshopper,
When not a breath of air did stir
The cloudy domes of copper.

When muttering thunder's whispered wrath
Foreboded us a shower,
O! it was sweet to scent she breath
Of many a woodland flower!

Then on the shingles tapped the drops
And made a merry drumming,
As teacher made us mind our stops
And tried to stop our humming.

And when at last the time had come
To end our pleasant duties,
We'd take a joyous ramble home
'Mid natures myriad beauties.

A. D. H.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—All persons indebted to the late firm of LINTON & SON, Mountain House, Ebensburg, are hereby notified to make immediate payment of their respective accounts. [4-9-3t.]

ESTATE NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of P. L. LINTON, late of Ebensburg, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment of their respective accounts must be made forthwith, and those having claims against the same will present them in a satisfactory shape for settlement. L. H. LINTON.

Ebensburg, April 9, 1875.-6t.

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the farming, lumbering and plaster lath business has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, SIMON ELIG retiring. The accounts of the firm are in the hands of JOSEPH ELIG, with whom all settlements should be made. JOSEPH ELIG,
SIMON ELIG.

Cambria Twp., April 1, 1875. [9-3t.]


Mountain
# HOUSE,
*Corner Centre and High Sts.,*
EBENSBURG, PA.

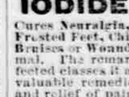
UNDER its new management, this well known HOTEL solicits a continuance of public patronage. A limited number of

**Summer Boarders**

WILL BE RECEIVED.

*ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST CLASS.*

April 9, 1875.-2m. L. H. LINTON.



# GILES' LINIMENT
TRADE MARK
IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every nature in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain. "The fingers of my left hand were contracted from an old abscess, drawing the fingers into the palm of the hand. I applied *Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia*. It relaxed them so that I can straighten my fingers and use my hands." R. McDERMOTT, 13 St., N. Y.

For sale by J. P. THOMPSON, Ebensburg, Pa., and by all Druggists. Depot 451 6th Ave., N. Y.

# SHARP'S RIFLE CO.,

Manufacturers of Patent Breech-loading, Military, Sporting and Creedmoor Rifles "the Best in the World." Winner at International and all other principal matches at Creedmoor. (See Official Record.)

Sporting Rifles, - - - - - $30 to $58.
Creedmoor Rifles, with Elevations for 1800 yds, $90 and $125.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
ARMORY AND OFFICE, HARTFORD, CONN. E. G. WESCOTT, President.

# N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBINE WATER WHEEL

Was selected, 4 years ago, and put to work in the U. S. Patent Office, D. C., and has proved to be the best. Nine years since made. Prices lower than any other first-class wheel. Pamphlet free.
N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

$75 A WEEK to Agents to sell an article *salable as flour.* Profits immense. Package free. Address BUCKEYE M'F'G CO., Marion, Ohio.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Dr.

### *Grasshoppers in His Stomach.*

A NEBRASKA RELIEF AGENT MEETS WITH A SIMPATHIZER.

He was from the lower Platte valley. He had eaten nothing but grasshoppers since the 3d of July, 1874, and his stomach was in an awful condition—it was full of grasshoppers! He could feel them jumping about, and trying to find their way out, but their forms all scratched his alimentary canal, and a spasmodic movement of the muscles of his throat forced them back into the cavity before they reached the root of his tongue. He had left a wife and nine famished children at home, and had gone to Omaha to collect funds to save his neighbors from starvation. He had not been successful—perhaps because his "credentials" were not strong enough. And now, if the barkeeper would accommodate him with a spoonful of whisky—it was the only thing that would keep the grasshoppers quiet in his stomach; it kinder stupefied them and caused them to lie dormant for several hours, but as soon as they aubreed up they became as lively as crickets, and played leap-frog in the pit of his stomach. He had killed a great many of them with whisky, but their eggs were all the time hatching, and he believed there were at least 75,000 live ones occupying the space designed by nature for the laboratory of bread and meat and such things. He had no money, but if the barkeeper would trust him for a few drops of crowfoot, he would remunerate him out of his first collections for the sufferers. By adding a little peppermint and a few grains of sugar to the liquor the medicine would be made more potent; or if there was no peppermint convenient, a drop of ginger would do as well.

The barkeeper deeply sympathized with the grasshopper-stricken people of Nebraska. He gloried any man who had grasshoppers in his stomach. If whisky, and peppermint, and ginger, or anything else his bar afforded, would relieve him, he was welcome to partake. He could not accept thanks for so small a favor; was only sorry he didn't have whisky and peppermint enough to destroy all the grasshoppers in Nebraska.

The barkeeper poured two tablespoonfuls of the essence of Jamaica ginger into a tumbler, added an equal quantity of pepper-sauce, shook in a thimbleful Cayenne pepper, emptied a small vial of sulphuric acid on top, and then sprinkled a few drops of tanglefoot over the mixture, and handing the tumbler to the Nebraskian, told him to "swallow it quick." The grasshopper-plagued stranger waited for no second invitation, but poured the decoction down his throat at one fell swallow.

"How do you like it?" asked the barkeeper.

The grasshopper individual made no response. His eyes rolled in their sockets, and the tears ran out of them in streams. His mouth opened wide enough to swallow the barkeeper and all his decanters. He placed both hands over his stomach and cast an imploring glance toward the water-pitcher.

"Do you feel 'em crawl?" said the barkeeper, in the anxious tone of a sick nurse.

The stranger made no reply, but continued to press his stomach and water the floor with his tears.

"Take some of this horse-radish," said the barkeeper; "it will do you good."

The stranger still made no reply, but gradually his mouth grew smaller, and his lips contracted, and the air rushed into his throat with a whistling sound, like the whistling wind through a broken window-pane. At length the barkeeper took compassion upon his writhing customer and gave him a glass of ice water to cool his throat. When the stranger was able to speak he looked reproachfully at the "medicine man," and said:

"See here, stranger, if that's the kind of stuff you give a man for grasshoppers, I'd like to know what in hell you'd give a feller if he had a tape-worm?"

So we learn from an Omaha paper.

TO OBTAIN FRUIT FROM BARREN TREES.—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says:

"I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake by it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to the stake. The next year that limb blossomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tim Barker said, 'it set me a thinking,' and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it prevented the sap returning to the roots; consequently it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear, but had never blossomed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs, and tied it as tight as I could. The next Spring all the top above the cord blossomed as white as a sheet, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. A neighbor, seeing my trees loaded with pears, used this method with the same result. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, almost with the same result. I think it a much better way than cutting off the roots. In early Summer, say June or July, wind a strong twine several times around the tree, or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be pleased with the result; the next Winter or Spring the cord may be taken off."

LITIGATION.—No man is so full of business as he who has a law-suit, and no man does so little. He attends to nothing. "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," and through the long gloom of the night, he is full of it. It is his waking dream by day, and sleeping vision at night. It is going on, or it is not going on; he has to produce more papers, or he has brought forward all the papers that can be produced—each is a sufficient cause for thinking and speaking of it to the exclusion of all things besides. He is like a musical snuff box that only plays one tune; you can get nothing but that out of him. It is a grief due to every breast, in his imagination; and upon every breast that he can hold by the button he mercilessly inflicts it. He is restless, fidgetty, nervous, cross, excited, depressed—happy and miserable, in delight and despair, by turns, and is forever "ringing the world with a vain stir."

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.


# CHEAPER THAN EVER!

## GOODS MARKED DOWN

TO MEET THE

GREAT REDUCTION IN WAGES.

LOOK AT THE PRICES:

**FRENCH MERINOS,**

ALL COLORS, AT FIFTY CENTS PER YARD.

**FINE DRESS GOODS,**

*IN TEN COLORS, AT THE LOW PRICE OF*

**Twenty-Five Cents a Yard,**

AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS, AT THE POPULAR STORE OF

## GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

Nos. 113 and 115 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT

**KNAKE & McGINN'S,**

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

**MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN.

GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE

PATENT ARION PIANO.

Dealers in Dietin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BAND INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.

Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete.

PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us.

Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.

WAREROOMS, **No. 12 Sixth Street,** (Late St. Cla'r.)

(1-29-1y.) PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. ARBUTHNOT. W. T. SHANNON. J. G. STEPHENSON.

## ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & CO.,

Nos. 239 and 241 Liberty St.,

PITTSBURGH,

*OFFER THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF*

# DRY GOODS & NOTIONS!

Complete in all Departments, Exclusively Wholesale,

AT BOTTOM EASTERN PRICES.

☞ NEW GOODS OPENED EVERY DAY. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. BUYERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO CALL. ☜

[2-5.] [3m.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

**BANKERS,**

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

*EBENSBURG, PA.*

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

P. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,

Attorneys-at-Law,

[3-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27, 72.]

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY.

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets.....3.50 per p air.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding..... 7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS. &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, 71.-tf.]

GEO. L. PEABODY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

SEEDS, RAIN, FLOUR, &c., &c.,

*325 Liberty Street,*

[1-15.-2m.] Pittsburgh, Pa.


## AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO MAKE COWS "HOLD OUT."—There is a wide difference in individual cows in respect to "holding out." Some are inclined to dry up in a few months, and others to milk the year round, both being treated the same. It is common for cows to have the flow of milk diminish in three or four weeks after being in calf, and if there is any lack in feed at that time they are apt to dry down pretty rapidly, and not to recover from the shrinkage, but to continue shrinking and to have their milking season considerably shortened. Cows often shrink at this particular period when well fed, and the shrinkage may be quite sudden, so sudden that the owner wonders what can be the cause, or suspects they are seriously diseased. To make a cow hold out, she must be fed liberally with rich and succulent food, and the supply must be unremitting and regular, and the same may be said of the water supply.

The milking must also be regular and complete. To milk at irregular hours, or to divide the time between milking unequally, or to leave a little milk in the bag at each milking, tends to dry up the flow, and shorten the milking season. Milking properly is an important item in making cows hold out. I have never been able to hire a milker who would make his cows hold out as well as those I milked myself. I milk my cows quickly, quietly, and perfectly, getting the last drop every time. Hands which are not interested are apt to dally, milk slow, perhaps stop to talk or to listen to conversation. Cows which are thus milked do not give their milk down perfectly. The flow of milk into the teats is somewhat under the control of the cow's will. She can relax the muscular tissues which close up the milk tubes, and let the milk press down upon the teats, or she can contract them and close the tubes, and prevent the milk from passing into the teats.

When the milker first takes hold of the teats the cow tightens the constricting muscles and shuts off the flow as far as she can, but in a few minutes, if there is nothing to disturb her, she slackens them again, and the milk all presses down upon the teats. If it is then quietly and rapidly drawn out it may all be obtained. But this perfect relaxation which occurs in a few minutes after the milking begins, does not remain long. The cow begins to gradually draw up the muscles which close the milk tubes, and to shut off the flow, and if the milking is protracted a little too long or the cow is in any way disturbed or excited she can and will retain a part of her mess, and this will be sure to work a steady diminution of her milk and make her dry up prematurely. It is thus that a slow, noisy or irregular milker is fatal to a prolonged milking season.

PROFESSOR STORER ON FERTILIZERS.—Professor Storer concludes that the value assumed by many chemists of this country of sixteen and a quarter cents a pound for soluble phosphoric acid in fertilizers is too high. He is led in this opinion from some estimates of the "Cost of Importing Superphosphates from Europe," published in a former part of the *Bulletin*, "whence it appears that soluble phosphoric acid may be imported into Boston from England at a cost of twelve and a half cents per pound currency;" from the offer of a responsible dealer to sell superphosphate at such rates as to make the price of soluble phosphoric acid the same; and from practical experience as to the cost of making superphosphate on a farm twelve miles from Boston, which makes it plain that with spent bone-black at twenty-five dollars per ton and sulphuric acid at two and three-eighths cents per pound soluble phosphoric acid may be made at a cost per pound of thirteen cents or less on any farm to which the cost of transportation would be no greater than to the one referred to.

Professor Storer's analysis of wood ashes from domestic fires reveal a fact of considerable importance to farmers, namely, that these contain considerably less phosphoric acid than has ordinarily been supposed. As wood is commonly burned, a portion of the phosphoric acid is lost. This loss is explained in part by the escape of phosphates with the draught, and in part by the formation of an insoluble phosphide of iron or other metal in the ash. The analysis from which calculations of the percentage of phosphoric acid in wood ashes have usually been based were made, for the most part, from ashes carefully prepared in the laboratory, so that this loss did not occur.

The experiments on the nitrogen of vegetable mould are believed by Professor Storer to show conclusively that the soil nitrogen is useful to plants under certain conditions such as are found in nature, and to illustrate the fact which Wolff had proved before, that soils devoid of vegetable mould or some other compound of nitrogen can not compare in power of supporting crops with soils which contain peat or loam, or some other nitrogenous material.—*Harper's Magazine.*

SIZE OF BARRELS.—A president of an agricultural society calls attention to the fact that there are in a standard legal barrel only 100 quarts, while the ordinary flour barrel, most in use among farmers in the sale of potatoes and apples, contains nearly one-eighth more. Farmers sell their produce in flour barrels, and merchants transfer the same to standard barrels, making a profit on quantity as well as on the price. In the sales of 800 barrels of potatoes from a farm, the proprietor loses 100 barrels, worth $250, for which he might as well be paid. The middleman, not the consumer, profits by this. Farmers, see to it that you employ the 100 quart barrels hereafter.

"I THOUGHT you were born on the first of April," said a husband to his wife, who had mentioned the twenty-first as her birthday. "That's what all my friends think," said the wife. "Why are they unanimous on that point? asked the liege lord. "On account of my choice for a husband," was the quiet reply. The questioned was pursued no further.


GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and, Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

*CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS.*

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoes Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the new-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by myself, be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTHINGER.

Ebensburg, Dec. 13, 1870.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortment of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Essences, Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essence of Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

FURNITURE!

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS.

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN SUITS OR SETS.

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Warerooms, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [8-13.'74.-tf.]

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

*JOHNSTOWN, PA.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bureaus, | Cane Chairs, |
| Bedsteads, | Wood Seat Chairs, |
| Washstands | Kitchen Furniture, |
| Sideboards, | Red Lounges, |
| Chamber Sets, | Mattresses, |
| Parlor Sets, | Tete-a-Tetes, |
| Wardrobes, | Extension Tables, |
| Book Cases, | Dining Tables, |
| Lounges, | Cupboards, |

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' mat rials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A SAFE LIGHT

AT LAST!

OIL CANNOT BE EXPLODED.

ELAINE

THE FAMILY

SAFEGUARD

OIL.

Warden & Oxnard,

[2-12.) PITTSBURGH, PA. [61.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]


### *Florida's Weirdest Mystery.*

A St. Augustine, Fla., letter to the Baltimore *Sun* says:

The old fort, which is situated on the north and east of this city, was built in 1570, and is the oldest fortification on the Western continent. The original name was "San Juan de Pinos," but it is now more modern and less appropriate, "Fort Marion." American taste is sentiment. If they possessed Rome they might call it Shoddy Town, and the Coliseum Library Hall. The fort is built of coquina rock—a shell formation—and the plan of an old castle of the middle ages, with a broad moat, a drawbridge, portcullis and all those appliances of the old castle with which the readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels and Mrs. Radcliffe's romances are familiar.

It was here, during the Seminole war, that Osceola and Wild Cat were imprisoned. Every schoolboy knows the history of these two noble (sic) red men—how Osceola defeated, destroyed and disgraced the pale faces, and how he was at last overcome by stratagem. How Wild Cat escaped, by reason of the dampness of his dungeon affecting his health, and how being removed to an upper cell, with a small window, he starved himself till his body was small enough to squeeze through the iron bars of his cell window, and how when the sentinel, who had charge of the whole night before the door of his cell, was about to open the door, Osceola appeared at the grating of his cell, and with a smirk of delight exclaimed: "Wild Cat is gone."

But to the mystery, which I leave for some one to solve for themselves, and to which attention to which I have referred:

"In 1836, the terra plain of the northeast bastion caved in, exposing a dungeon. Impelled by curiosity, the United States military engineer in charge of the repairs of the fort descended into it to the dungeon floor, to his surprise, he discovered the skeleton of a Indian being entombed in the wall. He also discovered a strong ventilation to the North east.

"But what particularly excited curiosity was the discovery of a tunnel, differing greatly in dimensions and appearances from those of which the fort was built. He noticed moreover the cement which held this stone together differed in composition from that which held together the stones of the outer wall of the wall, and appeared to be recent. Whereupon he ordered an excavation, when the men at work discovered a skeleton of a human, what else did he expect?

"Two iron cages suspended from the wall of the dungeon, one containing a heavily fetter down from rust and time, the other the bones of a human being. The door of the dungeon was ordered to its position before the Seminole wars. The latter was in the Southampton Insurrection, and among those which he incarcerated in the same dungeon was the wife of the chief. I recognized the bones of the chief and those of the female."

HOW TO PUT A NAUGHTY BABY TO SLEEP.—A baby is a very tender thing, and most of them are very much alike, but in certain things—children are like men, when the full of a door makes you sick, as it some one had to be. That is the way a young baby feels when it is put to bed. A puff of wind extinguishes a little breath blown gently on the face makes it shiver, a change of temperature causes it pain death cold. It is the most nervous of beings and is disturbed by useless sounds which your ears are only comparable to the screaming of an elder person during a fit of nervous headache.

Young babies ought to rest the first months of their lives in the country, where stillness so less than its first sleep may be soothed by folding a cloth wet in warmish water, lightly over the eyes of its head, its eyes and ears. It is best to put nervous babies to sleep. I have tried it hundreds of times for a baby so irritable that paregoric and soothing syrup only made it wide awake. A wet towel would be wet and laid over its head, the ends twisted a little till it made a kind of skull cap, and though baby screamed and fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber. The wet towel cooled the little feverish brain, deadened the sound in his ears, and shut out everything that took his attention, so that sleep came to him unaware. Teething babies find this very comfortable, for their heads are always hot, and there is a fevered beating in the arteries each side.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—Among the interesting relics to be exhibited at the coming Centennial is a large and curiously wrought gold watch once owned by the Hon. George Walton, and worn by that illustrious patriot when he signed the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. It has been preserved as an heirloom in the Walton family, and is now in the possession of Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, the great granddaughter of George Walton. A curious coincident in connection with the watch is touchingly related by Mme. Le Vert. "The watch," said she "is an excellent time piece, and was made by the once celebrated Johnson of London. When wound up it runs thirty-six hours and never needs repairs. It was never known to stop running but once, and that was at the death of Mr. George Walton, Jr., the inheritor of the watch at that time. She died at exactly 4:20 A. M. The watch was wound up at 8 the evening before, as usual, and the last flickering spark of life had left the watch had ceased to run." The lady she added in a trembling voice, "it will in the same manner record the exact hour of my death." Another relic of the Walton family to be exhibited at the Centennial is the remnants of a porcelain tea set which Mrs. George Walton, [illegible] as a tea present given to the signers of the Declaration of Independence on the night of the 3d of July, 1776.

ONE MORE DOG STORY.—Since we have been told from time immemorial of the wonderful sagacity of animals, particularly of dogs, but one has come to our knowledge recently which out-rivals the majority. In August, 1873, Miss Nora Hull, daughter of J. S. Hull, married and moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., taking with her a beautiful Italian greyhound. Two months after the arrival of the bride in Pittsburgh the dog was missed, and being a great favorite was mourned for by its mistress. Three months ago last night, fifteen months after, Mr. Hull was awakened at his residence in Springfield by the loud barking of a dog, and upon going to the door, found the lost pet. His feet, legs and both ears were frozen. He had traveled upwards of one hundred miles.—*New Haven Union.*

A PROMINENT Detroit University man, two months ago married a red headed girl with four children, and last week he remarked to a friend, "I was blind when I believed there was no hell. I see now."